"A HUSBAND'S SIN," A FACINATING SERIAL WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK

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MAN OR DEVIL;

—Or— The Mystery of Twin Peaks.

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CHAPTER I.

About a year ago from this writing—or to be precise, one Saturday noon in the early part of June—an extraordinary man came to my house.

I was trimming the grass about my rose bushes when I heard the click of the gate and looked up.

A tall and stooped stranger was just entering my yard. I saw that he was a stranger to the neighborhood. He wore a long Prince Albert coat and on his head was a silk hat. The Prince Albert was common among the professional men of the place. I even had a decent enough one myself for dress wear. But I had not before seen a silk hat on the streets of Dupray.

I stood up and waited till the stranger reached my side.

"Are you Wallace Graeme, the mason contractor?" he asked, looking at me with piercing eyes as though at one glance he would lay bare my character and thought.

"Yes," said I, returning his gaze steadily. I had no secret to keep from any living man, and I did not have any reason to shrink before him.

I will admit, however, that he impressed me powerfully. He spoke as a man having authority—as one who was used to being obeyed. I decided at once that he must be immensely rich—because we have no titled aristocrats in this country—and it is only the possession of much money that can fortify a man in arrogance and clothe him in power.

"Can you do a piece of work for me at once?" he asked.

"That depends," said I.

"I want you to build me a stone house," he said impatiently. "I understand you are the only skilful and reliable contractor in that kind of work here," he said "and consequently I expect you to overcharge me. But I do not mind that. I am willing to pay."

"If you want to transact business with me you will have to adopt a different tone, sir," I said, looking at him coldly. "I am not in the habit of overcharging people. There is a good builder at Berreman, ten miles across the country. This is not his busy season. I have no doubt you can get him to do your work."

Then I turned my back to him and resumed work on my flowers.

"Tut, tut, man," he exclaimed. "I meant no offense. You have been highly recommended to me as a skilful and trustworthy young man, and this is a mere business proposition between us. I have no desire to go chasing over the country to get bids for this work on the chance of saving a few hundred dollars. I am used to being overcharged by tradesmen, and that is why I spoke as I did. Forget that and let us come to business."

"All right, sir," I said. "Let us go into the house and talk the thing over."

"I prefer to talk it over on the spot where I mean to build," he said, politely—"that is, if you would be just as well suited."

"That is just as well," I admitted.

"Have you had your dinner, Mr. Graeme?"

"No; I am expecting to eat soon. Will you join me? I have no doubt Semiramis will have something decent and enough for two."

"Semiramis?" he asked, struck by the name, as strangers usually were.

"My old colored housekeeper," I exclaimed. "She is a famous cook."

"Then I will join you," he said, heartily. "For the fare at the hotel is abominable. I had supper and breakfast there. And I will eat at your table as a sign of my good will—a token of friendship in accepting your hospitality. I am St. Clair Chumley, at your service, Mr. Graeme."

He held out his hand and I took it, wondering in my soul, what this strange man was doing in little sleepy Duplay, and why he wanted a stone house built there.

However, I kept my curiosity to myself, and led the way into the dining room.

Old Semiramis had the table spread. Without a word she put on another plate and served dinner.

Mr. Chumley ate heartily of the simple vegetables and fruits and fried chicken.

"Your Semiramis is a wonder, Mr. Graeme," he acknowledged at last, when he pushed his chair from the table. "I have eaten the cooking of the most famous chefs in all the countries in the world—I have been a traveler in my time—and you cannot tell how astonished I am to find such culinary skill in this isolated and—you will excuse the expression—in this backwoods little town."

"Oh, Semiramis is a famous cook as I told you, Mr. Chumley. And it may interest you to know that she is something further and more than a famous cook. She is a mystic—a seer—a clairvoyant, and a descendant from the royal house of Somali, in Africa."

"Ah, indeed!" he exclaimed.

He looked up and saw the old black woman standing in the door.

"I have been in Somaliland, Madame Semiramis," he continued, regarding her closely. "I have voyaged in the Wady Seal. I have worshiped at the great Temple of Khor Dobayne. I have sat at the feet of the White teacher, and got wisdom from the lips of Swam."

Semiramis looked at the stranger with widely rolling and dilated eyes.

He raised both his hands above his head and clapped them together slowly, once, twice, three times.

Then he repeated three or four words in some foreign tongue—it must have been in the language of Somali—for at the phrase the most remarkable change came over the old negress.

She, who had been a slave during her infancy and early womanhood, and yet had retained with unbroken spirit the dignity of a queen, prostrated herself before this stranger.

Yes, Semiramis bowed till her aged forehead touched the ground.

"Master!" she cried.

"It is enough," said Chumley, in almost tender tones. "You may go."

She rose without looking at me and backed out of the room, bowing at him as she went.

"Superstition is a strange thing," he said, turning to me with a little laugh. "Because I know a sign, and a few magic words from her native land, your Semiramis is my slave. She will do whatever I say. When you get married, Graeme, my boy—I want you to promise to let me have Semiramis for my housekeeper."

"I have not yet met the one woman," said I, "so there is little prospect of my marriage."

"The one woman is coming, Graeme." He looked at me narrowly. "Like your servant, I am something of a seer, and I say you will be married within a twelvemonth. To whom, I cannot say. My wisdom does

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not carry that far. But your mate is common property and have troublous times before long you have troublous times before you—but there, forgive me. I will not prophesy evil matters. I have eaten your salt, and that makes me your friend. "And you think I will be married within—"

"And you think I will give you Semiramis for your housekeeper."

"It is a promise," he said.

"If she will go."

"Ah," said he, "I could take her away from you today, if I so minded. I tell you, Graeme, that woman would go through fire or flood—would go to death at the mere waving of my hand."

I did not dispute him. Indeed I began to think that this strange man held some wonderful power. I did not fear him, myself—indeed I had begun rather to like the man. And he inspired me with confidence to the extent that already I believed he was my friend.

"Well, I am ready to talk business with you, Mr. Chumley."

"Then let us take a walk. I am contemplating a thing which you may call a temptation, a thing which may overwhelm—or a streak of madness. Graeme. Yet since I am willing to pay for the indulgence of this caprice that I have formed, you must not try to balk me, but to help me, I charge you."

"I am with you, Mr. Chumley," I replied, and we rose from the table and made our way out into the sun-bathed summer land.

CHAPTER II.

My house stood on the western limits of the village, and within a scant mile the foot of the base of the Twin Peaks.

The peaks lie just west of the village, and but little more than half a mile distant. Up to this time last year they were as bare as a desert of any flaunting object.

Twin peaks are of that peculiar formation known in this part of the Southwest as "bald knobs." The country around is heavily wooded and rolling, but these hills, rising almost to the height of a half mile, really are at their base but a single round hill, fringed at the foot by straggling trees.

As one ascends—and I have climbed these hills a hundred times since my boyhood—the trees and even the underbrush disappear in the first hundred yards of the ascent. Above the timber line are low ledges of limestone rock and little patches of grass.

Half way up the side, the hill branches like a double rooted vegetable. It becomes indeed a mountain with two peaks. The north peak is the higher by a hundred feet or so, but the top of the south peak is the more compact and the larger.

There never was any traditional stories of crime or horror attached to the Twin peaks. They were merely spectacular and somewhat useless features of the neighborhood, in the way of scenery, but too rocky and too steep and sterile for agriculture or pastoral purposes. Occasionally a boy would climb one or the other of the peaks for a saturday afternoon's holiday, and once a year perhaps a party of young folks would "picnic" half way up the summit, but never did either of the peaks see a midsummer afternoon.

Until about a year ago I never about the hills—the Twin Peaks—until about this time last year, when they began to be talked about in such a remarkable and tragic manner that the talk is more than worth telling.

Before I describe the hills somewhat at length so the reader can understand "the lay of the land" I am telling this story by, because, without choice of my own, I was entangled from almost the first in the mystery of Twin Peaks.

To my great surprise when we passed out through the gate, Mr. Chumley turned westward along the road that led toward the peaks. I had expected him to go to the village.

"Is your building site in this direction?" I asked, in some wonder.

"You may prepare for a surprise when I tell you I have not been on the site," he said.

"And you have decided to build without knowing where?" I exclaimed.

"I came to town late last night," he said. "But I bought a piece of land this morning."

He chuckled to himself as though at some ludicrous recollection.

"I went over to the bank," he explained. "Drake I met your village financier, Mr. Hamilton. I had been told that he owned most of the two hills," Mr. Chumley pointed to the Twin Peaks.

"Yes, he owns them," I said. "He has often tried to sell them. Only last year I considered the question of buying them, for there are some good ledges of building stone up there. In fact, there is stone enough there to build a city. But because Chumley will never be a city, and because there is no way to ship the stones out, I decided not to invest."

"How much did Hamilton ask for the twin hills?"

"I have no reason to make any particular secret about it," I said. "He offered them to me for six hundred dollars."

"And he asked me two thousand dollars," said Chumley, chuckling again.

"I closed the deal at once," he continued, "though I knew he was charging me too much. But I did not care for that. The amusing thing was that he tried to back out at the last moment. He is grieving at the mistake. He thinks there is a valuable mine there, and that he has let a fortune slip through his grasp."

"He ought to think himself lucky at getting two thousand," I exclaimed.

"I had just come from Hamilton when I met you," continued Mr. Chumley. "I was full of elation at the bargain, and that is why I spoke to you as I did. Once more I beg your pardon, my dear Graeme."

"Do not mention it, Mr. Chumley. I know Hamilton and I cannot blame you."

"I am going to show my trust in you now," he continued, "by not even asking you for a bid on the work I have in view. You shall build my house and charge me whatever you please."

"That is not business," said I.

"I think it is, Graeme. In the first place there are going to be many difficulties about the work, and I think you will know better what a fair price will be after the house is finished. I have an idea I will save money by building on this basis."

We had now reached the base of the hill and began the descent. It was a hard climb, but nothing for me.

But Mr. Chumley was a man past middle age. He bore a stout figure, and his great chest and his shoulders were bent. I expected him to soon tire, but I found myself more than surprised at the endurance of this remarkable man.

He went up the Twin Peaks like a mountaineer—with all the surenous of foot and agility of an Indian guide.

Indeed, he passed several times to wait for me on the way up, and while I was panting and sore from my long desk work I reached the top, he was set at all winded. His breathing was quite naturally. He was not in the least distressed.

"You astonish me, Mr. Chumley."

"Oh, I have climbed the Alps and the Himalayas," he said. "It isn't likely that I should be winded by this hill. As for surprising you, my dear Graeme—you may expect me to show my trust in you many times. Something of knowledge I have—and somewhat of control over my own nerves and my own nature. I am not sure. If I upon occasion exercise a power that seems strange or uncanny, I will not shrink from manifest any astonishment. I warn you in advance that I am a strange man, and that nothing in what may seem to you as strange lines.

I looked at him silently, as his words slid not seem to call for an answer. Somehow, I was prepared for something like this. There was a simple sincerity in his explanation, not boastful, and almost apologetic.

"I want you to believe, Graeme, without further explanation, that I am your friend. I am your friend. And that is a thing I have not said before to any human being. I was pointed to this place by the finger of a destiny that must remain unexplained by you and by myself, because those fortunes are destined to be intermingled. I am half afraid of my own words."

I looked at him in wonder as he paused.

"I am glad to have met you, Graeme, little wistfully, "because however much power may be given to me by the light of knowledge, I am not all powerful. I have man's thirst for affection, and I am glad to find that you are willing to love. Give me your hand, my boy."

I took his hand. It was warm and firm and had no trembling. No one could have resisted such an offer of friendship, for the charm of the moment. I saw that the man opened his soul to me, was indescribable and irresistible.

"I am glad, Mr. Chumley." I could feel my voice was vibrant with sincerity, and the hot tears spread over his face and illumined it was full of sweetness and tenderness.

"I said that I was half sorry, Graeme. And that is because I fear I may find trouble of some kind upon you. For I may tell you that I am a man in whom centers great forces, and I am surrounded by sinister forces and opposed by powerful friends. You may find that you have, on the other hand, Graeme, I am threatened by men who have a power only a degree less than mine."

"You may depend upon me, if I can be of service to you, Mr. Chumley."

"I know that, Graeme. Let us say no more, now. We have come to the top of the hill. Let us look about us."

I sat down on an outcropping ledge to recover my breath.

Mr. Chumley folded his arms and gazed out over the country and up and down before us. He said nothing for a minute or two, and then, with a sudden gesture of broad sweep and almost a sigh, he turned and looked at me.

"I want you to build my house right here, Graeme," he said.

"The ledges are plentiful," I said, looking around at the stones.

"Yet, some of the finishings and furnishings will have to be carried up the hillside by human hands, for I see that no wagon can be drawn to the top. I suppose you can get the necessary labor?"

"Easily," said I.

"Then you will have to put a large force at work, Graeme. I am going away tonight, and I will return on the twenty-first of September with my daughter and her two women. The house must be ready for them time—and furnished and supplied. I am going to leave it all to you."

"Then I am to expect that two women?" Something prophetic seemed to make my heart beat. Then this wonderful man had a daughter, and he was building a home for her on the top of north peak.

"Will you accept the charge?" he asked, smiling at me—almost sadly, I thought.

"Yes," said I.

He took from an inner pocket of his coat a large black bill book and opened it. I saw that it was full of greenbacks and bank notes.

"You will need money, Graeme, of course. I am not going to ask you how much, because you do not know. Here is something to begin the work."

He counted out two thousand dollars and placed the money in my hand.

"You must remember that the stone is on the ground, and that labor is cheap, Mr. Chumley. Two thousand dollars will almost build a castle on this spot."

"And it is a castle I want," he smiled at me. "Not in size, but in strength. My house must be built like a fort. Next week I will send you a draft for five thousand dollars more and you may place it in Mr. Hamilton's bank and use it freely. It will cost you more to build because the work will have to be rushed. It must be completed and furnished and ready to occupy by the time I state, even if the work goes on night and day. When I come you may hand me your bill and we will settle."

"Very well, Mr. Chumley."

"Of course you will be besieged with questions and overwhelmed by country curiosity.

"You may tell them—which is not far from the truth—though not all the truth—that you are building this house for an eccentric scientist who wants a secluded place for some experiments."

"That explanation will satisfy them, Mr. Chumley."

"So you, my dear Garome, from whom I am going to keep only one or two secrets that are most important—I am going to tell the truth."

"Tell me as much or as little as you like, Mr. Chumley."

"In truth, this house is to be a castle—or a fort—in which I shall live, when you will. It is to shelter my daughter—the fairest flower that ever bloomed upon this old earth. This place must portect her until the time of her release against the coming disaster. The powers that do threaten me are in truth powerless against my own person. They are nothing but shadows to me, Graeme, guarded as I am by knowledge and benevolence. But my poor Margaret is defenseless. It is through her they would strike me."

"Your house shall be her fort," I said solemnly. "I will build it so it will withstand a siege."

"When you see my poor motherless child, Graeme—her pretty and helpless ways—you will find it easy to call your manhood and chivalry. You will help me to guard her."

He looked at me almost yearningly.

"I hope I may, Mr. Chumley. You may count on me," I said, rising and giving him my hand. "I know not what the future has in store for me, but I can say that you may count upon me."

"Then it is all right," said he, gazing westward at the sun, now slipping behind the lower hills. "Come, let us be going."

"But your plans?" I urged.

"Let us go," he repeated.

CHAPTER III.

The stone house was finished according to Mr. Chumley's plans, and these were so peculiar as to merit description.

The house was built on the south end of the very point of the north peak—a little plateau, in fact, a level space of ground about a hundred feet.

At the outer edge of the plateau I put in an iron fence of steel bars about ten feet high and spiked at the top. It was such a fence as one sees surrounding a bear pit in a zoological garden, or sometimes around a private park. No boy, no man or animal could climb over it or break through it.

The gate, which faced the eastward, was strong and locked on the inside. From the gate in the course of construction we had found it convenient to make a rude stone stairway leading down the hill to the di-

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is not really a sickness, but a symptom. It is a symptom that a certain set of nerves controlling the digestive organs have become run down and weak, and that acc—but the above symptoms will disappear when your mind has no control.

I have not room here to explain how these nerves, my nerves control and operate the stomach, but will say that they are the cause of many indigestion. How minute waters them out and excess digested. For example, the nerves of the kidney, heart, and other troubles through sympathy. I have been a victim of these nerves may be reached and strengthened and restored to healthful activity by using Dr. Shoop's great years in perfecting—now known by physicians and druggists generally as the most reliable preparative. (Tablets or Liquid.) I have no room to explain how it operates, but will say that it is unusually puts a certain end to indigestion, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and backache. All of these things are fully explained in the book I will send free when you write me. I will also send for the book. It tells how to get your plasma and digestion, and how to overcome all things every one ought to know for perfect health and strength and digestion. With the book I will send free my "Health Token"—an aid to good health.

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vide, the descent from that point being more gradual.

The house itself was round and dome shaped and sat in the center of the plateau. In reality it was a small house, the outer walls being only 40 feet in diameter and built of solid stone and three feet thick. From the ground to the rounding top of the dome, the height was 40 feet, so viewed from the outside, the house had the appearance of a round stone hemisphere laid upon the top of the hill.

From the village it looked like a cap placed upon the head of "old baldy."

Strange as this house—or fort—appeared from the outside, the internal arrangement was even more remarkable.

In the exact center of the house was a shaft of wood, call it whatever you will, built of stone and with openings on each floor. It ran from the ground to the roof and opened out on the top of the house, where there was a little platform surrounded by a railing, much like the turret on a battleship.

A winding stairway was built in this cylindrical shaft. There was a landing at each floor and a doorway opening into the main part of the building. For the rest, there were two stories and a garret to the house, each built upon the same plans save for the decreasing size. I can better illustrate this by a diagram of the ground plan as follows:

The second story was the same, save that there were no outside doors. Here were three bedrooms for the three women of the household, each having a door into the central shaft or stairway.

In the garret, or third story there were no partitions. This was Mr. Chumley's room, and was a mere circle with the shaft in the center. On account of the inclination of the outside walls, it was much smaller than the ground floor, but the ceiling was high, and the place was full of windows. In fact, there was no ceiling save the smoothly plastered inside of the stone walls.

The house of course had no roof, the masonry extending from foundation to peak.

I pointed out to Mr. Chumley that the presence of so many windows on the ground floor would make it easy for an outsider to break in the house.

"We must have plenty of light and air, none the less," said he. "I am depending mainly on the location and on the iron fence for protection. I cannot make a prison for my daughter—and a stone house without many windows is nothing but a dungeon. You will put strong steel shutters on all the windows so that if need be they may be closed and fastened on the inside. Besides, the danger that menaces her is not what you might call a physical danger. There will not be violence offered her—except at the last moment when the crisis occurs.

"If I merely feared assassins or kidnapers," he went on, "I would better have the girl in the city where numbers make her safe. But the threat is subtler, it is—but I cannot explain it, now. Sometime you may know."

The furnishings of the house were rich, and I knew they were luxurious, though they seemed plain in comparison with the gaudy plush and carving of the town houses.

The inside walls, ceilings and partitions were smooth-plastered and stained throughout with a dull paint that he sent me—paint of a peculiar color, something between old rose and old gold, and the tint made the walls look soft and warm, grateful and pleasing to all the senses.

A few comfortable chairs and tables—a book case and a piano—and some bedsteads of polished brass, made up the total of the furniture, save the usual kitchenware.

It was the rugs and portieres and mats and cushions and hangings that gave each room its distinction and beauty. These are indescribable, as they must have been priceless.

Altogether Mr. Chumley sent me more than thirty rugs for the house. I need not point out to you," he wrote," the value of these fabrics, because your fellow citizens are not connoisseurs and they will not be tempted to steal them. Besides, I trust you fully, my dear Graeme. Some of these rugs are more than a thousand years old, and all have histories and associations that render them dear beyond the purchasing power of money. They have lain in the tents of shiehs and on the floors of palaces, and if I should place the collection on exhibition in Paris, or London or Constantinople, men and women who are interested in such oriental treasures would come from all over the world just to look at them."

Strange, wasn't it, and hard to believe—that these dull-looking floor pieces, with designs of camels and peacocks and geometrical figures, should be so valuable?

However, I did not doubt Mr. Chumley's word. I have not seen any art treasures but I know he told the truth. And now they are all destroyed, within less than one short year—after being preserved for so many centuries!

Other letters I had from Mr. Chumley—strange letters of direction about the building and furnishing, each one containing some little bit of personal history that enabled me to peep into the great depths of mystery that surrounded him.

In the main, however, he allowed me to have my own way, and the house was ready for occupancy by the first of September. The greatest difficulty I had was in the transportation of lumber and supplies from the wagon road to the top of the hill, and I surmounted this in a curious way, which I may as well explain.

I built a wire trolley, or aerial road, from my own house to the top of the hill. This was, for the most part, about twenty feet from the ground, and it was so strong that we were able to carry the plank up on it. It was very simple in plan, being merely a steel platform suspended by pulleys from two strong wires.

The cage, of course, went to the bottom by the force of gravity. In fact, if you let it loose it would run down the hill with almost lightning speed, having impetus sufficient to carry it up the grade on the other side of the valley to my house. To draw the loaded cage or wire basket platform up the hill I had a woven wire cable, run by an electric motor and working in a miniature way much like the cable system of a street railway.

It is worth while to remember this, because the time came when I took the wildest night ride on this trolley that human being ever took. But I will tell about that in its proper place.

On the fifteenth of September I received a letter from Mr. Chumley which filled me with wonder and not a little anxiety.

"I am being watched, my dear Graeme," he wrote. "I expect this letter will be read before it reaches you—so I dare not tell you the details of the event which is to occur on the date set."

He alluded of course to the coming of his daughter and her attendants on the twenty-first of September.

"But heed this"—he went on. "I will not be able to look after it myself. I will be detained here for an indefinite time. But two days before the time set—at eight o'clock in the evening, I will communicate with you through Semiramis. You will not be able to reply, but I will know that you have received me and you must look after the instructions you receive.

If his previous letters and messages had aroused my curiosity, I felt like to imagine the consternation caused by this. I did not sleep anything that night, for now she was what is ordinarily called a clairvoyant—the colored folks and even some of the whites said she was an old witch—and although I did not take any stock in such matters and had never cared to investigate them, I knew that she possessed some power not fully explained by science.

On the nineteenth of September at eight o'clock in the evening I was at my desk. Old Semiramis had finished her housework and was sitting at peace in her favorite chair, smoking an old black pipe and dreaming, Heaven knows what, dreams of her youth.

I was watching her through the open door. As the clock struck the hour she suddenly laid her head back on the chair and closed her eyes.

Her pipe fell unnoticed to the floor, and her limbs became rigid.

"She has fallen into a trance," I muttered.

I got up and went to the outside door and locked it, so we would not be interrupted when she came to deliver her message, which I now was sure would come.

When I went back to the kitchen she began to speak in a monotone.

"Mars' Chumley says go to Berreman an' meet the night train I'm Saint Louis day after tomorrow."

She paused a moment and I waited.

"Mars' Chumley says they's danger afoot—an' I'r you to be keerful o' yerself."

Again she paused, and again I waited.

"Mars' Chumley says to thes what black servants you need an' git them ar's to be trusted. . . . Mars' Chumley says beware o' the book agents an' scourge the man that's now hidin' in the piano. . . . Mars' Chumley says—says he says—" she paused and seemed to be wandering in her mind.

I waited trembling.

"Says—Mars' Chumley says—that you mus' run a telyphone to the stone house—an' he leaves all on you, guard his lamb t'll he comes."

She straightened upon her chair without another word, took up her pipe an' began to smoke—an' I was unconscious of what had happened.

A kind of solemnity crept over me. I was full of resolution. I vowed by the memory of my mother that I would guard this young woman, whom I had never seen, from trouble and danger till her father came.

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Many a Slip.

"Hello, Newlywed! When did you get back from your wedding trip?"

"Yesterday."

"Have a good time?"

"Yes, fine; only——"

"Only what?"

"O, nothing."

"Well, of course, if you don't want to tell me, all right. You know I'll not repeat, but——"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, but don't let it go any further."

"Sure I'll not."

"Well, we did have a fine trip, as I said, although we met with an accident that temporarily marred the serenity of the journey. But you'll not repeat this?"

"Never in a thousand years."

"Well, you know there are a lot of short tunnels and snowsheds between here and Denver. The first one struck us, and the smoking compartment and we were out of it before I could get to where my wife was sitting. But I was on the lookout for the next one and made a run for her. I arrived just in time to get one kiss before we shot out into daylight again."

"Yes. Go on."

"That's about all. It wasn't my wife I had kissed."—Pacific Monthly.

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OR

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By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT; author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," etc.

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Begun in No. 44, Nov. 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue. Back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

There was some excitement the morning following the night of Blythe's visit to Clare Lorraine, when his body was found at the foot of a pier.

The wound in the head indicated murder, and the police of the city, with the detectives, were at once put on the trail. The gambler was well-known, and it was thought that he had been murdered by some fellow player who had had an altercation with him, perhaps over some shady game.

Lorraine was the keeper of the dread secret. He dared not come forward with a statement of the accidental shooting for fear of again bringing himself into prominence. He had already had enough of that in connection with the failure of the Reaper's bank. His name was still being connected with that event, and there were those who would have made it decidedly unpleasant for him had they encountered him on the street.

It was a dread secret for a man to carry in his breast.

The night after finding the body Lorraine mounted the steps of Pentland's residence and was promptly admitted.

He was met in the parlor by Clyde, the banker's daughter, whose pale face showed traces of the agony she had suffered in silence over the flight of her father.

"I am pleased you have come, Mr. Lorraine," said the girl, who was a superb specimen of young womanhood, "after the thing overwhelms me."

"It is bad enough," was the reply. "The bank has been unfortunate of late with its loans and——"

"But why was the treasury empty?" broke in Clyde. "That is something I cannot account for, and these newspapers are making all sorts of charges——"

"They generally do that in a case of this kind."

"But the sudden departure of papa for Europe?" cried the girl. "You must know something of that, Mr. Lorraine."

"I know but little. Your father did not take me into his secrets."

"Ah!" exclaimed Clyde. "It is the disgrace. And then there are the hundreds of poor depositors who would have torn papa to pieces if they could have found him."

"People sometimes act without reason," was all Lorraine could say with the deep black eyes of the banker's daughter riveted upon him.

"Yes, I admit that. Why has the bank been permitted to drift along with its finances in such a muddled condition? It is true that the securities found in the vaults are worthless?"

"I haven't inspected them."

"But as cashier you should know, Mr. Lorraine. You were closely associated with father in all his financial dealings and I have heard him say that he could not move without your advice."

Lorraine wished that he were a thousand miles from the fair interrogator. He was guilty and felt his sin in the depths of his soul. He had helped the man, fleeing from justice on the steamship in company with a siren who had wrecked more than one man.

"You see," he began, "your father must have been more deeply involved than even I suspected. There are some things he would not have told me."

"The shortage amounts to millions," said Clyde. "The papers call it a plain theft."

Her voice was harsh and cold again as the black eyes were looking straight at the cashier.

"I never mind the papers," said he.

"But they have instituted a search of the bank. That is the news this morning. They say bodily that father is an embezzler and that the bank has been cleaned out completely as to have nothing for the depositors."

What could Lorraine say to this?

"I am sure," he said at last and with an effort, "that all will be straightened out in the end."

"Think you so?"

"I do, Miss Pentland."

"But where is papa? Where can we reach him by cable?"

"I cannot say."

"He did not entrust you with his destination?"

"He did not."

"There are rumors——"

The fair girl could go no farther. She turned and, parting the window and, parting the curtains, looked mournfully down the lighted boulevard.

"Come here, Mr. Lorraine?" she said in low tones.

The cashier walked over to her and they stood side by side.

"Look at that woman on the pavement shaking her fist at the house," exclaimed Clyde. "That is one of the first person who has done this since the failure."

"She must be demented."

"No, it is not demental," broke in the girl. "It is rage mixed with vengeance. I saw another, a young girl, today stand on the opposite side of the street and shake her hand at the house while she cried out that there is a God of justice and that the guilty should not escape."

Lorraine looked down sidewalk, having caught sight of those in the parlor, emphasizing their sayings and suffered at last turned away.

"I am going to call her in," said Clyde.

"I would not," answered the cashier. "She will only make it the more unpleasant for you."

"I want to know how much she has lost. I have some money and then there are my jewels."

Lorraine looked at her amazed.

"You would save them?"

"Every gem!" interrupted Clyde, "I would pawn them, sell them, even if pressed to assist the people who have lost by the breaking of the bank."

"Even that would not pay the bill."

"I know it. But it will help. We must help those people who have confided confidence in us only to lose their little all. It is but justice, Mr. Lorraine."

Clyde crossed the room toward the door, opened it, and soon came back.

"She is gone," she said, as she re-entered the parlor. "The poor thing has taken her departure in hatred with her to her darkened home. I wish I knew where she lived."

Lorraine could not tell her.

"Now," continued Clyde, "Will you tell me something You knew that papa was going away?"

He could not escape the accusing eyes that were looking so keenly upon him.

"You knew, Mr. Lorraine?"

"Yes," he confessed.

"You knew of the condition of the bank?"

"I knew that it was not good——"

"But you told no one. You let it run on and on, taking in the little savings of those poor people when the bank itself was insolvent. That is criminal, Mr. Lorraine."

"But your father——"

"I do not shield him. God forgive me!" cried the girl, "but I am guilty may the vengeance of Heaven overtake him. I say the same of every man who knew of the condition of the bank and kept silent."

A cold shiver crept down Lorraine's spine. This was the last thing he had expected. The fair creature who had been promised to him by his father was the daughter of the bank. He felt for a moment like blowing out his brains in her presence. She was a brunette and he so blonde, and never before did the specter of crime rise so grisly in his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHADOW OF NEMESIS

In one of the secluded wine gardens of Paris at a table set apart for privacy sat a man and a woman.

The latter was a real beauty of the regal sort, her head well looped up with jewels and her fingers ablaze with gems. Her hair hand toyed with a half-filled wine glass, which now and then she lifted to her lips, staining them a deeper crimson while she gazed with fond eyes upon her companion who was smoking and apparently in deep thought.

"You are rather cold tonight," said the woman with a little laugh. "Surely you have left all your sentiment behind you."

He turned quickly upon her and filled his glass. In another moment he had drained it bare returned.

"A fellow has his moods, Sylvia," cried he. "I was watching that group of Parisians yonder. The woman seems a little more than usually gay and is making love to her companion in the usual way of this country."

Sylvia Sharp looked in the direction indicated and for a moment watched the couple at the other table.

"You have received no message from the United States?" she asked her companion.

"None since we landed in France."

"And the papers?"

"I did not look at them this morning," said he.

"You did not know, then, that I received a letter this morning?"

"You?"

He looked at her sharply and for a little while seemed displeased.

"You will keep your secrets from me," said he, "and I refuse to share secrets."

It didn't intend keeping it," she replied.

"But your letter, my dear? Where is it from?"

"From home."

She drew from her bosom as she finished speaking a letter which she toyed with in an aggravating manner before his eager eyes.

"It is from Dolly," said she. "She writes in her usual frivolous vein."

"Is your friend Dolly," who married Casten, the broker?"

"Yes. Dolly says they are still excited over the little affair of the bank."

The man—it was Saul Pentland—started a little and clutched out his hand for the letter, but quickly withdrew it.

"She goes on to write that your wife—"

The fugitive gasped.

"Your wife? I hope you are strong enough to hear the news, my dear."

Pentland was white to the roots. The wine in the glass he had just poured from his hand and rolled across the wine-spattered table.

"Go on," said he. "What about Caroline?"

"Your wife received a stroke of paralysis and——"

Pentland was gripping the table as though he would sink his fingers into it and his lower jaw had fallen, rendering him a ghastly sight in the eyes of the siren across the table.

"She is dead?" he cried.

"So Dolly says," and a smile came to Sylvia's lips. "Your wife was fatal."

For a moment a deep silence fell between the pair. Sylvia sipped her wine, her eyes on her side and ordered more wine.

Pentland did not seem to hear her voice. He leaned back in his chair and stared across the table, but his gaze did not seem to take in the form of the girl.

When the wine came Sylvia filled the two glasses and said in a merry mood:

"You are entirely free now, my dear. There is nothing between us now."

Pentland turned his bronzed past the table and two words fell from her lips:

"God's curse!"

Pentland started as though a sentence of death had been pronounced in his hearing. The glass he had recently fell from his hand. He stared at the girl until she was out of sight and then turned slowly to his companion.

"Did you hear that?" he cried. "My God, Sylvia, did you hear what that girl said?"

"I did not catch the words, but she is some half-crazed child of the city. I do not mind them. Come, let us drink, my love."

Mechanically, Pentland lifted the glass to his lips and drank it in silence. Not to the end would have bitten a piece out of the frail thing.

"What more does your friend Ray?" he asked as the hue of health came back to his pallid cheeks under the influence of the wine.

"But little more than is interesting to you."

"What about—Clyde?"

"Clyde?"

"Nor about Lorraine? He promised to write me."

"She does not mention Mr. Lorraine. She only says that the bank remains closed for lack of funds."

Pentland interrupted her with a laugh.

"Lack of funds!" he echoed. "I could say so. For lack of funds. Why, we didn't have enough in the old institution to start a toy bank.

"We?"

"Lorraine and I. By Jove! Sylvia, a fellow had to do something to keep up his end of the string and there was no other way."

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"Of course not. I don't think the people across the water should growl over what was done."

Self-justification is always the resort of the criminal who robs and plunders.

"I shall probably find letters from Lorraine when we get back to the hotel," said Pentland. "But that infernal girl who jilted passed here. I can't forget her. She didn't look altogether French——"

"Some one who has drifted into Paris from another shore," smiled the adventuress. "The city is full of such creatures. We'll drink to our friends abroad."

Sylvia Sharp filled her glass with her dainty hand and then did the same for her companion.

"Shall we go now?" said Pentland.

"Yes, my dear, or we shall be too late for the opera."

They rose and left the garden. On the sidewalk, brilliant with light, Pentland handed his companion into a carriage and shout to follow her when he started and lost color.

"What is it, my dear?" came from the depths of the vehicle as a face peered out.

"That girl again! Look, Sylvia! Yonder she stands!"

The adventuress looked in the direction indicated by Pentland's glance and saw a young girl standing in the garish light of the avenue. She did not appear to be watching him, but Sylvia Sharp could not take her eyes from her.

"Let her go," she cried to Pentland. "We shall be late if we spend our time on such

"You are wanted at the prefecture."

creatures," and she almost pulled her companion into the carriage.

"La Grande Opera," she said to the driver, and in another moment she had settled back among the cushions beside the face of her companion which was as white as his burial shroud would be some day.

The shadow of the nemisis had reached the French capital.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TOILS

"You saw them, then?"

"Yes, Lily."

"Where were they?"

"In the Jardin Desherbes."

"Went?"

"The woman produced a letter, evidently but recently received from the United States, and what she told him threw over him for a time a shadow from which he came slowly:

"Then 5——"

"They went to the opera."

The speakers were Margery Dale and her friend Lilly Morse, who, after a long journey, had reached Paris with a terrible end in view.

They had scraped up money enough to cross the ocean and to get to the gay city where they took lodgings in a street outre the Rue de Lafayette, an humble thoroughfare at a great distance from the fashionable boulevards and where their presence would not be likely to be detected.

It was Margery who had seen Saul Pentland and Sylvia the adventuress in the wine garden and she it was who had passed them muttering "God's vengeance," the words which had so startled Pentland.

Upon her return home Lily had eagerly questioned her. She was as eager to bring down upon the head of the bank president the vengeance that he deserved, as her companion and they had counted the hours when they could work their will.

A few hours later, and while the two girls were still up, a rap sounded on their door, and Margery sprang across the room to open it.

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at her ease.

"But I have a commission which I dare not shirk. You are wanted at the prefecture."

"What is that?" demanded Margery.

"It is the prefecture of police."

Lily uttered a cry and sprang to her feet. "What have we done?" cried Margery. "We have but lately arrived in the city—"

"I cannot help that, Mademoiselle," was the interruption; "I must obey orders."

"But why must we go to the prefecture?"

"The charge is made by the Countess Charney."

"We have never heard of her."

"She is one of the grand dames of France," and the officer stroked his waxed mustache. "She is the greatest beauty in the republic."

"The name is new to me. But what is the charge?"

Pocket picking."

"It is false!" cried Lily, who now faced the officer, her fine face illuminated with indignation. "We are Americans."

"So I see," said the man. "The Countess Charney has sworn out the warrant and we can do nothing but take you to the prefecture."

"There is no use resisting, Lily," said Margery, with almost bursting heart. "We must go with the officer."

"We can soon clear ourselves."

The two girls made ready to accompany the officer to the prefecture when he stepped across the room and began to search it.

"There is nothing hidden here," exclaimed Margery, flushing with rage. "In the first place we are not pickpockets and secondly we have not been on the streets——"

He turned upon her sharply.

"You were at the Jardin Desherbes tonight?"

"Yes."

"You made love to a young man named Crontard."

"I met a young man there and sat with him at the table, but for a purpose. I wanted to catch a certain pair who belonged in our own land."

The officer did not repress the sarcastic smile that came to his lips.

"You know Monsieur Crontard?"

"No. I never saw him before tonight."

"What, you sit with the Bat, drink wine with him, and say you do not know him?"

Margery blanched, seeing into what danger she had foolishly drawn herself.

"The Bat is the greatest rogue in Paris," continued the officer. "He says—we arrested him, you know—that you are one of his calling."

"The villain!"

"Will Mademoiselle permit me to search her?"

Margery drew back flushing to the temples and her heart in her throat.

"I will look to the pockets of your dress," continued the young man, and suiting action to his words, he dived his hand into Margery's pocket and produced—a small pocket-book!

Both girls uttered a cry at sight of it.

"The Bat said we would find it about your person, if you had not concealed it elsewhere. This must be it as it answers the Countess's description of her purse."

"Merciful heavens! we are lost!" exclaimed Lily. "This will condemn us both, though we are as innocent as babes!"

"You will talk to the judge," was the stony reply. "Get ready. The van is just at the corner."

The girls were pleased that they were not to be dragged through the streets of Paris so that a hooting crowd could follow. They made ready in a few moments, accompanied the officer down stairs and were hustled into a covered police van which jolted off with them. In a short time they were let down before a plain-looking building which they inferred was the prefecture. Another officer met them at the door and they were conducted inside where they were given seats on a hard bench in a somber room.

Presently the young officer who had escorted them to the place came in, a sour-looking man mounted a raised platform and called the officer forward.

They were already in the presence of the questioning judge.

The purse taken from Margery's pocket was held before his person and the girls were eyed, half savagely, for a moment.

"Tomorrow at ten," said the judge. "You will take them to the cell."

All this was in French.

"What does he say?" asked Margery, as the officer approached them.

"He will hear you tomorrow at ten," said he in English.

"And we are free till then?"

"No, to the cell."

The girls nearly broke down.

"This is terrible!" cried Lily. "We are innocent. I will appeal to the judge."

She broke away and ran a little space before the judge where she clasped her hands and made her appeal. In burning words she declared their innocence of any crime, and they were honest American girls who had but lately arrived in Paris and who had never heard of the Countess Charney.

The judge heard her through with stolid composure, then, without a word, waved his hand to the officer, who stepped forward to conduct them to the cells.

"If this is French justice, God pity us!" cried Lily, and the next moment they were out of the court and the heavy door had clanged behind them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIMROSE WAY.

When Pentland had returned to the fashionable hotel where he had registered under an assumed name, he found several letters, one of which he nervously opened.

It was from Lorraine.

The writer had a good deal to write about, among other things the death of Pentland's wife and the determination of Clyde to sell his jewels to pay off as far as possible the losses incurred by the system of looting of the Sequoia Bank.

The other letters Pentland did not read, but tossed them into his pocket unopened.

His wife dead and Clyde stripping himself of her riches to reimburse the people whom he had robbed!

It was enough to try his soul. Taking the elevator he ascended to one of the upper floors, where he had engaged an elegant suite of rooms and threw himself into a chair.

So absorbed was he in thought that he did not hear the footsteps that crossed the carpet and he was totally unaware of the presence of any one until he was called back to life by a voice.

"This is an elegant day for a spin on the boulevard," said the deep-toned voice that startled him.

He looked up and beheld the beautiful face of Sylvia Sharp.

Lorraine's letter he still held in his hand.

With hawk-like eyes she perceived it and sprang forward.

"You have heard from America, I see!" said the woman.

Pentland flung the letter at her feet, whereat her face blanched with haunted rage and for a moment she fastened her cold gaze upon him.

"You can read, can you not?" he asked.

"Yes, but this is not like old times."

At the same moment she stooped and picked up the letter, taking it from its covering as she did so.

(Continued on page ten.)

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Those who take the civil-service examination in Washington will not be required to spell like President Roosevelt.

If Peary has found the pole, as his wife firmly believes, he ought to hurry home and begin to be famous enough to fit the achievement.

Getting the Supreme Court trimmed up in good shape will be no trick at all for the President if the supply of Massachusetts lawyers holds out.

As President Roosevelt is going to see the canal personally, it seems likely that he is not any more inclined than the rest of us to believe "the truth about Panama."

Ex-Senator Burton of Kansas must go to jail. The Supreme Court has so ordered it, and the only thing that he can do now is to get the jailer to let the ladies feed him on sweets and furnish him a bed of down.

The beautiful young actress who has had a man arrested because he followed her around from city to city and sent flowers to her will probably not feel that there is any reason why she should neglect to go on looking as beautiful as possible.

The Republican candidate for Governor of New York is now being referred to by some of his enthusiastic followers as "Charley" Hughes. It must require a good deal of courage to call a man "Charley" to his face when he has such whiskers as Mr. Hughes wears.

After all man's boasting that he has the forces of nature under control and can make the elements turn handsprings and jump through the hoop at will, when the hurricane comes along on what slight foundation is his inflated boast. If the hurricane could be gently led around and made to do some haw on command there is no reason why the latest one that roamed as a wayward child, or possibly more like a runaway elephant, over Central America should not have been made to dig the Panama canal. There was enough energy wasted to dig it and then fill it up again if anybody kicked.

A prosperous millionaire from Ohio returned to the town of his birth in Indiana a few days ago and recovered a dime that he had lost at the tender age of 5. He lost it sixty-five years ago, but all that time memory of the dime hid away under the doorstep of his old home was with him, standing through all the years between him and the possibility of want. Sometimes when he didn't know exactly how much money he was worth he always knew that he had that dime if some one hadn't found it and the thought comforted him. Now that he has been able to snatch a few hours from business he goes back, removes the stone with a crowbar and recovers the dime. Some of our millionaires are careless in money matters, but it must have pained him when he came to think that the dime had not been out at interest all that time. With the generosity characteristic of our millionaires he did not try to collect the interest from the people who were living in the house.

KEENEYES AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

A DOUBLE MYSTERY.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOMENT IS AT HAND.

It was a cold, windy afternoon in Chicago.

Although it was scarcely yet the middle of August, the tingling fresh breath of autumn was in the air.

A boisterous gale from the lake swept through the streets.

The day before, few coats were to be seen on the laborers as they hurried across the bridges that spanned the black river, to their work.

Today their hands were in their pockets.

It was past noon when Keeneyes returned to Chicago from Evanston.

He brought with him old Eleazer Atkins and the beautiful granddaughter, Nell Atkins.

Keeneyes conducted them to Grime's Rooming House.

In their presence he inquired about young Stevenson.

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he took a room here only a short time before you did. He left about ten days ago. No, I haven't any idea where he went. No, he didn't leave any directions about forwarding his mail."

"Just so," said Keeneyes. He had not suspected that either old Eleazer or Nell suspected him of disguising the facts.

Still, nothing so strengthens one's faith in you as presenting them with indisputable proofs of your words.

In the study little parlor, Keeneyes conversed with Eleazer in a low voice.

"Nevertheless, exactly at four o'clock, you are to be driven up to the rooms where Stevenson waits to return you the diamond necklace.

"He will believe that Miss Nell is the owner of the necklace, and has come to recover the diamonds.

"Remember she must be so heavily veiled that should he be looking from a window he would not be able to identify her features.

"Since both you and I agree in thinking that Clark Wrinn is a most worthier young man than this Jansen Moore, it is to the interest of all concerned that Miss Nell should see Jansen Moore with that stolen necklace in his hand."

Nevertheless, frowned old Eleazer hoarsely, "I cannot believe that Moore would steal!"

Keeneyes smiled.

Miss Nell Atkins was gazing abstractedly from the window.

In imagination, she saw herself facing Jansen Moore. Her pity for him and her indignation against Clark Watson because he had made Moore hide so long from his friends, brought the color to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes.

Keeneyes addressed old Eleazer. "There is another point, not to be overlooked. You, too, must wear your hat drawn over your face, and in short, so compose yourself that Moore will not recognise you."

"I understand," said the old man. "But what about yourself? Doesn't he know you?"

"Unfortunately," said Keeneyes aloud, "I will not be able to attend you."

"What!" cried Nell Atkins, with displeasure.

Nell started in surprise.

"No," said Keeneyes serenely, "it would never do for me to present myself at Moore's rooms. He would know me and instantly suspect that I was trying to catch him in a trap."

"Hut," said the old man, "you brought us here with the express understanding that you would take us to Jansen Moore."

"I will amount to the same thing," said Keeneyes easily, "if I have an aged relative in the city in whom I have full confidence. I have explained the entire situation to him. He will conduct you."

Eleazer looked suspiciously at the detective, but said nothing.

Nell Atkins made no objection. The main point with her was to see Jansen Moore and undeceive him as to her being married. It was rather a relief to her than otherwise to get rid of Keeneyes, for knowing him a friend of Clark Watson, his presence ever reminded her of the enemy.

It was half-past three o'clock when a carriage was driven up to Grime's Rooming House.

The carriage contained one occupant, an old gentleman.

The old gentleman descended to the pavement with some difficulty and hobbled up the steps.

He rang the bell and asked for Mr. Eleazer Atkins and Miss Atkins.

Both had, for some time been holding themselves in readiness. They came at once.

"This, I presume, is Mr. Atkins and his granddaughter?" said the old gentleman in a cracked voice. "My cousin, who is known to me as the detective Keeneyes, sent me to conduct you to Mr. Stevenson."

"We are ready," said coldly. She felt an aversion to the old gentleman. When he lifted his hat she discovered that he was quite bald, save for a few gray locks about the sides of the open area. Yet, in spite of this venerable appearance, he seemed to lack the dignity and placidity that old age would have brought crown.

Old Eleazer had understood from Keeneyes that he would come disguised as an old man, but he could hardly be induced to believe that this was indeed Keeneyes.

A second glance, however, the unbearable gentleman convinced Eleazer that this was indeed Keeneyes. He nodded unsurreptitiously, and all three entered the carriage and were driven rapidly away.

CHAPTER XV.

FACE TO FACE.

At last the carriage was brought to a standstill before a handsome building devoted to flats.

Nell's heart was beating violently. At last she was to see again the hero of her schoolgirl's romances, the man who in recent years had been the object of her devoted companion, and who but for his strange disappearance would no doubt ere this have become her accepted suitor. She was about to see Jansen Moore, who obeying a forged letter from his rival, had dispatched himself from her life; and above all, she was about to see the young man who now believed her married to Clark Watson. Her face glowed with color and her bosom throbbed.

Old Eleazer was also greatly excited. A good part of the attraction was a mystery to him. He would soon find out what the detective meant by his hints about the diamond necklace. As he climbed from the carriage, his hat drawn over his keen old eyes and his head bowed, his long, lean neck, he panted with suppressed impatience.

Keeneyes, in the attitude of the bald-headed man, labored with difficulty down from the carriage step.

He leaned on Eleazer's arm as he hobbled upon the plazza.

In answer to their ring, a maid appeared.

"We want to see Mr. Stevenson," said Keeneyes in thin, cracked voice of the octogenarian. "He is expecting us."

"Yes," said the maid, "the parlor on the third floor."

"The third floor?" gasped Keeneyes. "Merciful me! How can I ever reach the third floor?"

"If you will show you to the elevator," said the maid, kindly.

"Ah, an elevator!" gasped Keeneyes as he tapped in his thin, cracked voice of the octogenarian. "He is expecting us."

"Yes," said the maid, "the parlor on the third floor."

"The third floor?" gasped Keeneyes. "Merciful me! How can I ever reach the third floor?"

"If you will show you to the elevator," said the maid, kindly.

"Ah, an elevator!" gasped Keeneyes as he tapped in his thin, cracked voice of the octogenarian. "He is expecting us."

Thank you, my dear, you are a worthy girl. Here, take this. I owe it to you for some one be as considerate of you."

Nell thought, "He is a kind old man, after all."

The elevator took them to the third floor. The maid showed them into the parlor and went to call Mr. Stevenson.

"Bless my soul!" muttered old Eleazer, looking around, "what do you think of this parlor, Nell, for a young gentleman who is breaking his heart because he thinks you are married to his rival? Bless my soul! What elegance! what richness."

"And what miserable taste!" added Keeneyes in his thin voice.

"This cannot be Mr. Moore's private parlor, of course," returned Nell, immediately taking the defensive. "It is the parlor for the third floor."

"But he has the whole third floor," said Keeneyes. "Remember this is not a lodging house, but flats."

"Mr. Moore could only want one room," Nell persisted.

Keeneyes pointed to a table where cards were scattered among empty bottles.

"Bless my soul!" he piped. "What are the young men coming to? When I was a boy I had to stay at home and plow my father's land and obey him. See how felons like this Stevenson employ their time; they take an assumed name, rent a flat, take up questionable people, spend their nights in card-playing and drinking—dear me! it is terrible!"

Old Eleazer rose and solemnly stalking to the wall, seized a large picture by the gaudy frame, and sharply turned its face to the wall. "There!" he cried. "As long as I am in this room I propose to associate with people who have had their bath."

"I do not know what the present generation is coming to," Keeneyes said. "But hark! I hear some one coming."

Some one opened the door, entered swiftly and closed the door cautiously behind him.

It was Jansen Moore.

The room was not very light and as Jansen Moore faced the window they could observe him better than he could scrutinize them.

He saw a bald-headed man, apparently about sixty, and a very unlovely old man with hat drawn drawn over his brow and coat-collar turned up in a rowdyish fashion, and a disagreeable voice and manner.

They saw a young man with pinched face, pallid features, bloodshot eyes, and a general air of reckless dissipation. His step was unsteady and his breath swayed the odor of whisky through the room.

Nell did not rise. The shock of his altered appearance overpowered her. She struggled against a sensation of miserable faintness.

Old Eleazer glared from under the brim of his big felt hat as if looking upon some ill spirit.

In the meantime, Keeneyes, in his disguise as an old man, observed the young actor lest a startled word betray the situation.

"Mr. Stevenson," he said, rising and speaking in the high, thin voice of the character he personated, "you know why we are here and our time is short. Here is the lady who has come for the diamond necklace. She will make no attempt to arrest you, or seek revenge in any way—hey, madam?"

Nell shuddered and said nothing.

Keeneyes drew a small paper from his pocket. "I hold the check in readiness," he said.

Jansen Moore's quivering hand went to his pocket and the next moment he was holding a silver purse, containing a magnificent diamond necklace. As Nell sat incapable of motion, he swung this toward her, haughtily, "Must I give it to her or to you?"

Nell nodded mechanically toward Keeneyes and Jansen Moore handed the detective the necklace.

The detective handed the young man the check saying, "See, sir, it is all right."

Jansen Moore held out the slip of paper with trembling fingers and read as follows:

BANK OF JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Pay to the order of Keeneyes, Detective, the sum of a woman who might have loved him, the remorse of a friend who may have misjudged him, and the lifelong regret of one who would save him.

KEENEYES."

As Jansen Moore glared at the words, only mistily comprehending the meaning of a few of them, the door opened abruptly and a beautiful woman burst into the room, her face red with anger.

"Oh, yes," she cried, "you are trying to have secrets from me, are you! You think you can lead a double life, do you? But let me say—"

Nell tore the veil from her face, for it seemed to her that she was about to suffocate. "Quick!" she cried to her grandfather. "Help me from this place!"

But old Eleazer had recognized the newcomer.

"Upon my word!" he gasped, "look, Nell,

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here is the creature we splashed with our carriage wheels while young Moore held her on his arm to keep her out of the muddy street. Upon my word!"

"Yes!" cried the woman, flinging her arms about Jansen Moore, "and he fell in love with me there under your very eyes, miss, and he belongs to me now, body and soul."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Jansen Moore flinging her from him so violently that she fell upon the floor. "It's a lie! I never loved any one but you Nell."

Nell Atkins laughed.

Lizzie Blair leaped to her feet with an oath. "I'll have your life for that," she cried. "You two old men can do nothing. I control this house and when I make my call, half a dozen strong men will burst into this room."

Keeneyes removed his disguise.

"I am not very old," he said with a polite bow.

"Zellers!" muttered Jansen Moore. "I thought you my friend."

"You have not yourself off from all your friends," said Keeneyes, "but I have not cast you off, and if it is in my power, I will yet save you. As for you, Miss Lizzie," he added with a smile, "if you will stand aside from the door, I will conduct this young lady to her carriage."

Nell, white as marble, stood looking upon the floor.

"Nell," cried Moore, wildly, "I have been insane—the sight of your face has roused me to myself. Nell! is there no hope for me, nothing I can do to atone something like my old standing with you?"

"Would have I thought you," "do you think to smother me with kisses one day and cast me off the next. But I will have the life blood out of your heart!"

She started furiously toward the door.

"Miss Atkins," said Keeneyes, stepping between her and the door, "will you tell us what you propose doing?"

"I have had a suspicion for some time that Stevenson, or Jansen or whatever the fellow's name is, has been leading something from me. When the girl told me that a young lady was waiting to see him here, a young lady with an old man, I suspected it was his old sweetheart. I have my own ready; at my call they will burst into this room and do whatever I bid them do."

"Now, Miss Atkins," Keeneyes, quietly, "I do not fear these six men, brutes though I know they must be. But I don't want a scene of violence and possible death. Therefore, I will you now that you will not call the six men now in waiting, but will seek to prevent our departure from this room."

"Oh, indeed," panted Lizzie Blair, still frenzied with passion, "and why not, old sneak? why not, old-pie face? why not, plotter? Pray, have you told this doll that it is your self-sent had furnished this room for me and her old sweetheart? Get her thanks for that before I have you dragged out to be made my slave for life! There's no use to shout for help. Every person in this house is my friend, except the four people in this room."

"Now, Lizzie, listen to me just a minute, or it will be too late for you."

Nell Atkins laughed with a hideous grimace.

"Do you know where our friend Ed Burns is?" inquired Keeneyes, politely.

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"Then, Miss Atkins, I will gently, permit me to inspire you with some interest in the matter. Nell, I tell you where Ed Burns is. He is standing in front of the police station of this district."

"And what do I care for that?" retorted Lizzie, but her face changed.

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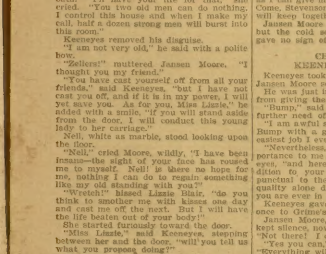

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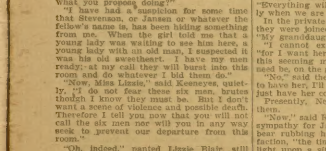
I am the Manager of the Agents' Department of this company, and I am going to introduce the "K. & W." Brand of goods throughout the United States, whatever the cost may be. We guarantee satisfaction on our Baking Powder, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Extracts, etc. We know they are O. K. and guarantee satisfaction. With every purchase of these goods, I allow my agents to give away such articles as Granite Coffee Pots, Beautiful Five-Piece Gold and Floral decorated Fruit Set, Large, Porcelain China, Mush and Milk Set, Glassware of all kinds, and a vast amount of other very valuable articles.

TO ANY AGENT SELLING ONLY TEN OF THESE we give a Beautiful Dinner Set. Furniture of every description, Watches, Clocks, Sheeting, Shirts, in fact, Everything. The 126-Piece Dinner Set that I give free is unequaled for beauty and will delight you. Cash commissions also given.



as we ship all the goods and all the premiums at the same time, and **WE PAY THE FREIGHT,** and I give my agents plenty time to deliver the goods and collect for them. Can you beat this for an easy way to earn anything you need or want in your home or for yourself? Many an agent has left their company and come with us and told us that they could not see how we could do it, but my company says to introduce the "K. & W." Brand everywhere, and I am going to do it whatever the cost.

SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY ON A POSTAL CARD

Just say "Send Me Your Offer" and I will understand. After you receive the catalogue and other things, if you do not care to go ahead with the work, you can keep the things I send you and no harm done. Write me today, just out of curiosity, if you like. Many have done this and afterwards were so pleased that they thanked me for calling their attention to our offer. I give more for the money than anybody else can possibly afford to. Address your postal card or letter to

KENNEDY & WRIGHT CO. 1133 ERIE STREET, Manager's Dept., No. 35 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

that what I say is true. You will therefore be eager for us to depart."

"Yes, go!" cried Lizzie, vindictively. "As you are keeping me up with your money, I reckon you don't want that fact put in the papers: I'm just as anxious to have it kept out."

"Come, Stevenson," said Keeneyes to Jansen Moore. "We must hurry."

Then he and the Swede, all supported by her grandfather. She did not once look at Jansen Moore.

"Now," said Keeneyes to old Eleazer Atkins, "you will go with us to Grimm's Rooming House, and I will be there as soon as I can give my man Ed Bump, the word. Come, Stevenson—I mean Moore, you and I will keep together."

Jansen Moore gave a wistful look at Nell, but the cold set face of the young lady gave no sign of recognition.

CHAPTER XVI.

KEENEYES EXPLAINS.

Keeneyes took a cab and in company with Jansen Moore sought the police station.

He was just in time to prevent Ed Bump from giving the alarm.

"Bump," said Keeneyes, "I have now no further need of your services."

"I am well sorry to hear that," said Ed Bump with a grin, "for this has been the easiest job I ever had in my life."

"Nevertheless, it was a matter of real importance to me and to others," said Keeneyes, "and there is a large reward in addition to your regular wages. You are a valuable man, Bump, and that quality alone deserves a high reward. If you are ever in need, hunt me up."

Keeneyes gave the cabby orders to go at once to Grime's Rooming House.

"Moore," said he, when this point had kept silence, now said in a smothered voice, "I think I cannot face them again."

"Yes you can, old Keeneyes, cheerfully. "Everything will straighten our wonderfully when we see Grimm."

In the private parlor of the lodging house sat Grimm and the old Burnses, who all, upon my granddaughter asks to be excused."

"I cannot excuse her," said Keeneyes, "for I am about to give the explanation of this seeming mystery. Appeal to her, if you will, on the grounds of gratitude to me."

"No," said the old man, "if it's necessary to know, I can appeal to her at all; I'll just have her come."

Presently, Nell, pale and stern, joined them.

"Now," said Keeneyes, who in spite of his sympathy for the young girl could not forbear rubbing his hands together in satisfaction, "the time has come to throw some light upon a situation which no doubt has perplexed you.

"My side has one prime advantage.

"It is soon told.

"The main points of the story are all known to you.

"They are the small links that disturb your minds.

"I will explain.

"You did, Clark Watson write the letter signing Eleazer Atkins name? Because, Nell, I know he was desperately in love with Miss Nell; he wanted a chance to propose. I suppose that he had no chance while Jansen Moore was in town, because Jansen Moore seemed to have first call. He took her everywhere, to be with her all the time. What chance had Clark Watson? None. But he determined to make a chance. Therefore he forged the letter that got him a chance for a couple of weeks. Very good. Excellent, I may say."

Jansen Moore hid his face in his hands and groaned.

Nell sat like marble, save for her burning cheeks.

Old Eleazer Atkins chuckled.

Keeneyes rubbed his hands and continued: "I saw into it at the first. But I did not expose Clark Watson, because I admired his courage to suit, and liked the boy in every way. In his very crime he commanded my respect. I could drive to the police station in time to prevent our friend Bump from rousing the police. I am Keeneyes the detective, and therefore you know that what I say is true. You will therefore be eager for us to depart."

"Yes, go!" cried Lizzie, vindictively. "As you are keeping me up with your money, I reckon you don't want that fact put in the papers: I'm just as anxious to have it kept out."

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Nell, I had nothing to do but expose the conspiracy I had discovered."

Jansen Moore shuddered, and kept his face hidden.

"I therefore came to this lodging house where Jansen Moore was living as Stevenson. I found him an agreeable and kindly disposed gentleman. But I immediately found that he was unworthy of Miss Nell. Having left the home of his early city, living incognito, he became the prey of sharpers, and was soon half-crazy over the gambling table. He took to drink, he slept most of the day, he spent his nights with vicious men and women.

"It is true," muttered Jansen Moore, with a groan.

"Why was this?" pursued Keeneyes. "At home, in his farm, Jansen Moore was irreproachable. It was because he had not the firmness, the steadfastness of character to resist the temptations of city life while living under an assumed name and feeling that when he returned to his true character he could not be held accountable for deeds done under the name of Stevenson. Thus I weighed him and found him wanting. Thus I learned that Clark Watson had done Miss Nell an inestimable service by planting Jansen into this hidden life. Jansen Moore is unworthy, as he has proved, to be the husband of any innocent girl."

"That, too, is true," groaned Moore in an agonized voice that brought the sudden tears to Nell's eyes.

"Having said this much," continued Keeneyes, briskly, "how was I to convince Miss Nell of the truth? I well knew she would believe no word of mine. Jansen would, of course, deny everything. It was evident that I must convince Miss Nell by showing her this changed young farmer in a situation of public."

"Very good."

Keeneyes blushed about as for admiring approval, but his listeners were too deeply and variously affected to bestow any word of praise.

Keeneyes rubbed his hands as if shaking hands with himself and continued:

"I found that the young woman, Lizzie Blair, was in love with Moore. Nell had once seen Jansen Moore with the girl and had been much displeased. I engaged the girl to lure Jansen Moore and befriend him."

"What!" cried Jansen Moore, starting up violently. "Then what she said was true? You, Nell, believed that she might inspire me there? What was this but conspiracy? No wonder you sympathize with Watson!"

"Sir," cried Nell Atkins, addressing Keeneyes with flashing eyes, "can you calmly stand there and confess that you threw temptation in his path—of any sort?"

Perhaps, but for you, he—Mr. Moore, would not have—have fallen so low. I pity him because he is weak and fell. But how shall I regard you?"

"Give it to him, Nell!" cried old Eleazer, nodding vigorously, "that's right. Now you've said something."

"You do not get the point," Keeneyes protested.

"Did I get the point," cried Nell, "that you bribed that shameless woman to drug Jansen Moore, in the plans where we found him?"

"Now I will explain," said Keeneyes, "and I will speak plainly. Jansen Moore, as I said, was gambling, drinking and associating with wicked people. His money was all gone, and he had flung away all self-respect. He was already upon the plane where you found him. He was not associating with Lizzie Blair, because he hadn't got her money. He was spending much of his time with women like Lizzie Blair. I did nothing to cause Jansen Moore to commit any wrong, but I did select the instrument which was to check his mad career."

"But why did you bribe that creature to accost him?" cried old Eleazer.

"In order to show them to Miss Nell," said Keeneyes. "Nobody but the identical Lizzie Blair could produce just the needed effect upon Miss Nell's mind.—I had found Jansen Moore unworthy of her. I wished to convince her of that fact. No fallen sense of compassion must cloud her vision. Given the situation of her old friend with this Lizzie Blair and there was no danger of false sympathy. It was, I think I may say, a nice psychological point."

"But the diamond necklace?" interposed Eleazer Atkins.

"It was, I confess partly for stage-effect," said Keeneyes. "Knowing that Jansen Moore, pretending great secrecy, that the necklace was to be sent to Nell, I saw that I did this because I believed he would steal it. In this one instance, perhaps, I did tempt him."

"But mark you: would that have been a temptation to an honorable man? Jansen Moore had fallen so low that theft became the natural avenue for the supply of intolerable poverty. He would have mortgaged his farm, he would have given up everything to satisfy the demands of the cards, had his property been in the name of Nell. I repeat that I did not tell him about the necklace, what did he do? Why, he stole it, of course. He knew the garden was taking it to return it to its rightful owner, but he expected a very large reward, and he did not think me of the class that it is true again that I told him I wished I were rich—but I should not be guilty of a mercy if somebody would steal it. But did he steal it as a free to me? Hardly!"

"Now I do not meffion it as to upsid Jansen Moore, but to show Miss Nell that he was not a free to me."Hardly!" No. Clark Watson is the man!"

"Then the necklace is not mine?" cried Nell, stamping her foot.

"And now," said Eleazer, "I would like to know how you got your hands on Mrs. Larrymore's necklace, Mr. Keeneyes. It proved very fine, too, when the garden did you dig it up?"

"I got it from Mrs. Larrymore's bedroom," said Keeneyes with a smile.

"But it was stolen from her room!" cried the old man.

"Nonsense! I knew from the beginning that it was not stolen. I knew that when Mrs. Larrymore the morning of my arrival in Wearsing, and of course, began to talk about the romping and playing of the little girl I was convinced that the little child had played with the box of paste and had put it in the register. I told Mrs. Larrymore that I would look about and she laughed at me. I went up to the room and found it in the register. I knew, therefore I carried it away with me; it was very simple."

"And she knows nothing about it!"

"She still suspects Jeweler Greene of stealing it, and I let her alone."

"What will you do with the necklace?" demanded Eleazer, hastily.

"I will return it to that register. Then I will show it to Mrs. Larrymore. I will explain how the jewels must have knocked it down there, either consciously lifting the iron grating or by the merest sport, or, finding the grating open, had knocked the case down, perchance accidentally, and that, being a little angel, with naught but angelic thoughts, it had never once so much as thought of a diamond."

"You think she will believe that?"

"She must, of course believe it. For it is the truth. Doubtless the child herself will remember the incident when shown the jewel case."

"And you do not mean to tell of taking it from the register?"

"Certainly not. Never."

"Then," faltered Jansen Moore, "nobody will ever know that I——" His head sank upon his breast.

"None but us three," said Keeneyes kindly, "and you can trust us to keep the secret. I intend to take you with me home, and keep you with me till you are a man again. You have a long life before you, and not her forever. You deserve that. You admit it. But you shall be a new, and a stronger man than ever you were before. You have gone through the fire and you will not burn your wings a second time. And she will look darkly upon the future. Keeneyes is your friend. And though you lose Miss Nell, she will permit me to choose for you the state lines of Illinois do not inclose all the prettiest and sweetest maidens; there are a few in Missouri. I will show you."

CHAPTER XVII.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

A few weeks later, Clark Watson sat in the cool parlor of old Eleazer Atkins.

The September breezes were delicious.

The sunlight slumbered on the dark red carpet.

Clark Watson's heart leaped.

The door opened and Nell Atkins entered, drawn up to her full height, stern and frowning slightly in her displeasure. Her cheeks were red.

(Continued on page seven.)

$7.85
DRESSES
ANY MAN
With an All-Wool Made-to-Measure Suit or Over-coat of same material.
Fast Selling Storm Coat, Extra Pair of Pants
FREE
Every Suit and Overcoat made to your individual measure, perfectly fitted, and guaranteed to wear two years or a pair of extra trousers free of cost, to replace them if they should wear out.
Sample Book
FREE
Write today and choose from the handsome samples which we will send you, as your fine business will benefit by having a fashion plate of your own. Just send us your name and address on a postal card and you will receive free samples of our full and latest line of Fall and Winter Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, etc., and a tape measure, so that we can take your measure correctly.
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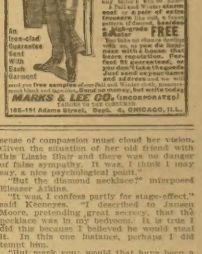


Where the Analogy Fails.

"These, ladies and gentlemen," the lecturer said, pointing to the pictures on the screen, "are accurate portraits, enlarged several thousand times, of two of the most curious creatures called aphides, which are found frequently in colonies of ants. The insects seems to be to store up a kind of honey in their bodies wherewith to feed the working ants in time of stress, when the food supply runs short. You observe their abnormal enlargement. They are full of honey. Other insects probably have aphides. They are a sort of counterpart also in the human family. Those men who have no other aim or object than to absorb the good things of this life, whose sole mission it is to be big, and powerful, and influential, and monopolize the language, may be considered human aphides—except that they give up their honey with extreme reluctance. William, by way of variety, you will now throw upon the screen a picture of the wonderful creature known as the octopus, or devil fish."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Concil All Gone.

Old Gent—Let me see. Yes, I met your nephew five years ago, and, if you must know the truth, I was disgusted with him—such a vain, conceited, insufferable puppy I never saw in my life.

Old Neighbor—Oh, he's changed completely now. He's the most modest man you could find in a day's journey—he doesn't believe he knows anything.

Old Gent—You don't say so! Well, now I think of it, when I met him he was a college sophomore.

Old Neighbor—Yes, and now he's a graduate, and trying to earn his own living.

A Hard Heart Softened.

Young Lady—Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition!

Old Gentleman—Couldn't (hic) help it, m' dear. Met some young fool I wouldn't let you marry, an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him, and he's such good feller I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m' dear.

Young Lady—Mercy! Where is he?

Old Gentleman—Dunno, m' dear. P'liceman took 'm off (hic) in wheelbarrow.

Five Dollars, Please.

Mr. Phore-Phlush—Doctor, I believe I am suffering from what you call the automobile heart.

Doctor—Get an automobile.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should read the advertisements whose offers follow.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Toilet Articles. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Address, with stamp, ELECTRIC TOILET CO., 1547 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

MONEY TO AGENTS. Agents find our knives the best on earth, and a good thing sells itself. Nothing better than selling our photo-knives of quality. Blades and fingail from finest steel. Every knife guaranteed. We place any photo, emblem or name under transparent handle. Send for terms and sample of handsome photo knife you select. PERFECT CUTLERY CO., 1502 W. TENTH ST., CANTON, OHIO.

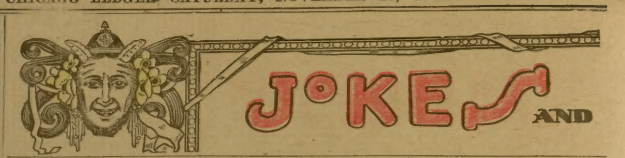
AGENTS learn to fix Edgerton Typewriters by sending for our Free Book on the topic. It will tell you all about it. A business that gives you from $25.00 to $150.00 per month without capital. Write us a postal card to-day. Get to-day. No fail or excuses. Don't be prejudiced or so long worked. No special money to work for some one else at a better salary. Every one else is working for us. Write to-day. Address, EDGERTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 1502 W. TENTH ST., CANTON, OHIO.

AGENTS wanted everywhere to introduce our Guaranteed Stockings. Write for terms and sample pair. Address, ATLANTIC KNITTING MILLS, Dept. F, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, postcards and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and jobbers issue catalogues and addresses for the purpose of reaching the consumer direct. Because of them it is comparatively easy for the consumer to get almost anything he wants at wholesale prices. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written, so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address and we will send you a book containing the names and addresses of thousands of firms who are now preparing to do the most extensive mail order business in the world. Don't delay, but write to-day. Address, AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.



Wanted a Change.

Deacon Goode—You have labored continuously for five years without a vacation. Wouldn't you like to go somewhere for a change?

Overworked Pastor (wearily)—Yes, I would like to go to a circus.

The Father—So you want to marry Gwen, do you? But she is my only daughter.
The Suitor—Oh—ah—er! Sir, that's all right, you know. I—er—only want one.

Where Work Is Pleasant.

Neglected Wife—Why don't you go to work?

Husband (a ne'er do well)—I ain't got no tools.

Neglected Wife—Deacon Smith offered you five dollars to fix his fence, and you have a day and a plane, and a hammer, and nails. What more do you want?

Husband—The air isn't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith kin fix his fence hisself.

Same Husband (ten years later)—Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes, so I kin light out ag'in.

Wife—Sh-yi my! How did you get out?

Husband—I dug forty feet underground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler-iron with a saw made of a tin dinner plate.

Lessons of Experience.

Newsboy—Extra! Extra!
Gentleman—How much it is?
Newsboy—Two cents. Have one?
Gentleman—No.
Friend—Two cents is the regular price of that paper. Why didn't you buy?
Gentleman—If there had been anything in it worth reading the boy would have charged five cents.

Earthly Brand.

"What," queried the very young person, "is an earthly saint?"

"An earthly saint" answered the home-grown philosopher, "is one that can witness a ball-game and not want to fight the umpire when he gives an unjust decision against the home team."

Information Wanted.

Secretary of the Navy—Say, what time should I plant tomatoes? I'm starting a garden.

Secretary of Agriculture—Hanged if I know. Ask the Secretary of State. He has a garden at home, I believe. Oh! by the way, my folks are very anxious to have a yacht, but I don't know whether to get a centerboard or not. What do you think about it?

Secretary of Navy (meditatively)—Well, a centerboard might do, but I should think the bottles would be less likely to upset if kept in a sideboard.

Just to Please the Girl.

A young woman called at a house where a maid was wanted. She asked the mistress of the house if they had any children, to which she replied that they had five.

"Then I can't go to work for you," said the girl.

"Oh, do stay," said the woman. "We will kill the children!"

A Shrewd Old Farmer

"What I want," said the discontented summer boarder, "is to enjoy the comforts of home."

"If that's the case," answered Farmer Cornstead, "I don't quite see what you left home for in the first place."

First Tramp—Did you ever try getting up early mornings?
Second Tramp—Gosh, yes. I kin remember de time I used ter git up early enough ter see millionaires going to work!

The Money Saved.

Detective—I Have discovered, sir, that your confidential bookkeeper, Mr. De Clerk, is a defaulter to the extent of many thousands of dollars. As he has lived plainly, and has not gambled in stocks, he must still have all your money in his possession; but if we arrest him, you will never get it, of course; and if we corner him, and try to compromise for half or two-thirds, he will probably skip to Canada with the whole hoodle.

Business Man—My goodness! Mr. De Clerk!

Mr. De Clerk—Yes, sir.

Business Man—Mr. De Clerk, a few days ago I refused you the hand of my daughter, and I afterward employed this gentleman, who is a detective, to look closely into your personal character and past history. His report refers in such detail to your correct habits and business aptitude that I have changed my mind. You shall have her.

Hope for Asthmatics.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The thousands who suffer from asthma, catarrh and hay fever will hail with delight the news that a remedy has at last been found which will not only relieve the distress attending these diseases, but will completely and permanently cure. The new discovery known as permanheo, has been marvellously successful in the most obstinate cases, and in order that permaneo may become more widely known throughout the country, the Parls Drug Company, 147 to 158 W. 23d st., New York, is now supplying permaneo free of charge to any one who writes to them for it.

Willing to Assist.

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of the green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee-machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 303 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Tommy's Ambition.

"No, Tommy," said his mother, "you can't have any more cake. You've had enough."

"What a fine little fellow he is," remarked the guest; "and when you're a man Tommy, what are you going to do?"

"I'm goin' ter buy too much of everything I like to eat," replied Tommy subtly.

How It Worked.

"By the way, how did you come out with that drinks cure you put in your husband's tea?"

First-rate. He hasn't drank a drop since."

"Of whisky?"

"No. Tea."

Why They Travel in Company.

"Why is it," asked the philosopher, "that misfortune never comes singly?"

"Can't say," replied the other man, "unless it is that on account of the reception they get they're afraid to travel alone."

"JUST A LITTLE"

Grape-Nuts Worked Wonders for an Unfortunate Woman.

"At last I was obliged to sit all day at a sewing machine in a factory," said an Englewood lady who was once well and happy, but whose circumstances changed so that she was compelled to earn her living.

"I soon suffered dreadfully with indigestion, some days thought I would die from acute pain in front of the waist line. I took about everything for indigestion without any permanent relief; tried starvation but suffered just as much whether I ate anything or not.

"Curiosity caused me to try a package of Grape-Nuts food for a change. Then I got a second package and began to use it regularly. What was my surprise—bowels became regular, no more headaches, piles troubled me less frequently and best of all the stomach trouble was gone entirely. I wanted Grape-Nuts for luncheon as well as breakfast—seemed as if my system craved what was good for it.

"Everyone in the family has taken to eating Grape-Nuts. They said I ate it with so much relish they thought it must be very good—and so it is.

"My little girl has gained five pounds since she started eating Grape-Nuts—in about three months. I think everyone, sick or well, should eat Grape-Nuts at least twice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the famous book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Man Who Knew.

Flush Youth (from the country)—Can you direct me to the office of Catchem &Cheatem, brokers?

Policeman—Ask that man over there. He was rich once.

Mrs. Ferndale—We haven't any eggs, but I can get some if you want them very bad.

Summerbord—Never mind. I don't care for that kind.

Not an Improvement.

Eastern Housekeeper—Do you have any difficulty in keeping good girls in the West?

Western Housekeeper (from a natural-gas town)—Great difficulty. Every once in awhile a girl lets the gas run too long before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.

A Martyr to Duty.

Doctor—I'm going to church.

Office-boy—Yes, sir. What time shall I call you out?

Doctor—As soon as the sermon commences.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

"Marriage makes no change in men."
The wife observed, with clouded brow.
"John's up to his old tricks again.
When he came courting me, I vow,
I couldn't make him go home then,
And I can't make him come home now."

Business Is Business.

Benevolent Individual—Yes, sir, I believe that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty it to make his wife a present of a handsome dress.

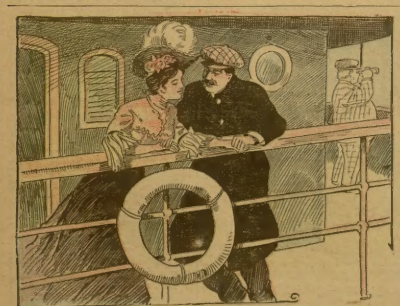
Ordinary Individual—You are a social philosopher, I presume?

Benevolent Individual—No; I am a dry goods dealer.

She'd Surely Tell It.

Mrs. Gossip (quarreling)—I suppose you think what you say goes?

Mr. Gossip—It does, if you hear it.



Eva—Why don't you get shaved before you kiss me? You scraped my cheek terribly.

Jack—Well, haven't I the right to scrape an acquaintance?

Loved a Newspaper, Too.

A Horton (Kan.) man married, and after he had been married several years his wife said to him one night:

"You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, Hal. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you!" growled the man. There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up, and let me read the paper."

Three Trials.

"Waiter, do you mean to say this is the steak I ordered?"

"Yes, sir."

"It looks like the same steak the gentleman across the table refused to eat a few minutes ago."

"Yes, sir; we always try it three times before we give it up, sir!"

The Only Idiot.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you?

Mrs. Misfit—There was one.

Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him!

Mrs. Misfit—I did.

The Saddest Blow

"What young Medders seems rather new to the city, but he's got a lot of money. How did he get it?"

"Gas."

"You mean he was engaged in the manufacture of gas?"

"No; a rich old uncle of his blew it out."

About the Size of It.

The greatest bore upon this earth,
The biggest nuisance known,
Is he who talks about himself
And his selfish affairs alone.
When you think he ought to listen
While you talk about your own.

Encouraged Her.

"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her."

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

We Trust You

Lady Agents and Housekeepers

We want you to help further introduce our well-known WORLD'S STANDARD GOODS. Our valuable plan to easily gain a good supply of customers, by placing in a few homes on approval, you'll earn future commissions without effort and keep your sample.

FREE PREMIUMS

Your friends and neighbors will call on us, and you will get your share of the profits. Premiums, Goods you want are given away. Write us today, take a minute. Send no money but send for goods with full particulars at once.

Miller, Walker & Co., Dept. G, Chicago

$80 per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel, advertising, post signs and leave samples. Steady work. Permanent. Address, Dept. 307, Chicago.

STARK'S TREES Sold by Test—79 YEARS. We GROW MORE SALESMEN THAN TREES. PAY CASH WEEKLY. Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

SIX BLADED CHOPPING KNIFE for Meat, Vegetables, Fruit, Nuts, Crackers, Coffee, Tea, Spices, etc. Sells at sight. Sample 25c. Postpaid. Agents Wanted. Territory Given. Exclusive Territory. Big Profits. Write Quick. THE STANDARD STAMPING CO., ANDOVER, N.Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce Poultry Tonic. Steady work. Permanent. Position. Territory. IMPERIAL REM. CO., DEPT. Y PARSONS, KANS.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rig to introduce Poultry Specialties. Steady work. Permanent. Position. Territory. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 20, PARSONS, KANSAS

$100 A MONTH and travelling expenses for men to place Proprietaries to dealers (no peddling) with dealers. Expenses advanced. Experience unnecessary. STERLING REMEDY CO., PARSONS, KANS.

PORTRAIT AGENTS Deal direct with artists—you get best before work. Greatest portrait company's proposition. E. E. BRIGHTON, Artist, 617 Penn Bldg., Chicago

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris THROUGHOUT THE WORLD HOOKEN KETTLE. Manufactured by Co. to Sell. Rectangular Co., St. Louis, Mo.

We Will Pay Men $85 Per Month to travel, collect names, advertise and sell our goods. Expenses advanced. Write today. W. S. Rider Company, Chicago

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. Big money and commission. Outfit free. Write at once. The Good Will Tobacco Co., Limited Mercantile Tobacco Works, Box J 16, Danville, Va.

PICTURE AGENTS Large Size Wall Pictures cost 8c complete, sell for 25c easy. 100 subjects. Send stamp for catalogue. CENTS Portraits Co., Edison PICTURE CO., Dept. E, WATSEKA, ILL.

AGENTS Try our system of selling to Married Men. Position. You can easily make $10 daily with our Gold Window Letters and Novelty Signs. Catalogue free. Metallic Sign Letter Co., Dept. 939, Iron Mountain, Mich.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE to a reliable man to take orders for Guaranteed Hosiery. We have lowest prices and best line. Write for free outfit. Dept. 1 Chicago Hosiery Mills, 1 to 7 Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

$3 a Day Sure Send anyone address and we will show how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you, you can work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write us today. NATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 32107 Detroit, Mich.

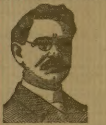
$75 A MONTH Rare—Patent Gem Aluminum Name Cooker FREE. Sells on sight. Every woman buys. Write quick. Address Gem Co., Dept. 1, Lincoln, Neb.

$75 A MONTH and expenses to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. Steady work. No experience required. Write quick. Address Poultry Compound Co., Dept. 1, Lincoln, Neb

PILES

Fistula, Constipation, Itching Piles, Ulcers, Fissures, Stomach, Liver, Bowel Troubles,

And Other Rectal and Intestinal Diseases CURED Without Pain, the Knife or Detention from Business.



J. M. AULD, M. D.,
Specialist in Rectal and Intestinal Diseases.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 17, 1905.

Dr. J. M. Auld, Chicago, Ill.:
Dear Sir—I received your letter of Dec. 21st but was so very busy that I have had no opportunity to answer it any sooner. In answer to your inquiry concerning my condition since you treated me for Fistula, I am very glad to say that your treatment has cured me entirely. Wishing you continued success, I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
JOHN DOUBRAWA, 88 Biddle St.

I have on file hundreds of letters from patients whom I have cured. This should be the greatest proof of my ability.
Over twenty years' experience.
I treat as many ladies as men.
I make no charge for examination and consultation.
Write today for my latest free book, which will give you valuable information. Address

J. M. AULD, M. D.,
Dept. 8, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. SUNDAYS from 9 to 11 A. M.

LADIES: Make Sanitary Belts $1.20 dozen. Stamped envelope particulars. Lenox Co., Dept H 26, Chicago

10 COLORED Postals, 20c. Love scenes. Frosted & Satin. Xmas Souvenir Art Co., West Haven, Conn.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. F. Gemeo, 117 Nassau St., N. Y.

$300 Genuine Confederate money for $1. $100 for 50c. ROBT. L. MAXWELL, South Bend, Ind.

TAPE-WORM

BOYS write for the list of premiums we give for selling 90c worth of goods GIRLS
PALMETTO CO., 36 Union Park Place, Chicago.

VENTRILOQUISM
Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof.

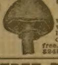
DEAF NESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED. TRIAL TREATMENT FREE!

A CHEAP TRIP to NEW YORK
Fifty pictures of a startling trip through the Great City for ten cents.

HOBO or TRAMP WIG 50c, Whiskers 25c, Wax Nose 15c, Joining Paste 10c, Grease Paint, Deep Sunburn 15c, Liner to blacken eye 10c, Clay Pipe 5c. Entire outfit $1.15.

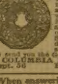
DRAWING TAUGHT FREE!
We teach by Correspondence. Cartoonists and Illustrators earn from $1,000 to $15,000 yearly. Women can succeed as well as men. Send for our magnificent illustrated booklet.

Songs & Music Free!



Grow Mushrooms
For Big and Quick Profits.
I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free. JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 3248 N. Western Ave., Chicago

FREE BOOK ABOUT FARM TELEPHONES



FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE
An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 36 East Boston, Mass.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

The Stolen Millions.

(Continued from page five.)

He watched her as she read it through. Without so much as a word of comment, she handed it back to him and began to readjust her glove.

"I have ordered out the coupe," said she. "We will have a delightful spin on the boulevards."

"I prefer to be alone awhile."

"You? Alone? Struck by Lorraine's letter? Come out of the dumps, my dear, and let us have a time in the sunshine, the delightful sunshine of gay Paris."

"You may if you have ordered the coupe," he answered sullenly. "I want to write to Lorraine."

"We will compose the letter together upon our return," smiled the enchantress. "Two heads are better than one any time."

He waved his hand toward her and turned away.

"But you shall!" cried Sylvia, springing to his side. "This will never do. We did not come to Paris to die in this hotel, at least I did not. Next week we go to Monaco and——"

Pentland sprang to his feet his whole frame convulsed with rage and his face as white as a cloth.

"But for you," cried he, "I might to day be an honest man. But for your enchanting wiles I might today be respected in my own land instead of being a fugitive in France. I have robbed to clothe you. I have robbed the poor to supply you with riches. I have become the most disreputable wretch in the world—an outcast, a criminal for whom the prison doors yawn. But for you, and I curse the day I met you, sorceress, I might be happy and have a wife——"

She checked him by the lifting of her jeweled hand.

"Fool! moth!" cried she with a bitter laugh. "Go back to your land and face the law. Go back to America and tell them how you looted the bank, robbed it of its millions."

"I dare not."

"Go back to your foolish daughter who wore the gems you bought with the stolen money. Go to her and tell her that her father is a criminal. You dare not, you say. And yet you, Adam like, put it all upon the woman."

"You ensnared me."

"A weak confession," said the adventuress.

"You have ruined others."

"Then I am a success."

"You have broken up more than one home."

"Which is false."

"You used me for my own doom and put my hands into the till of the bank."

"What about your confederate, Lorraine?"

"I do not talk for him."

"Who caused the forgeries of the securities?"

"I did. I did it to glitter you with gems. I stole to cover you with silks and with pearls. It has killed my wife."

She laugred again and stepped back. Her figure was drawn to its true height and her lips seemed to quiver with a strange triumph.

"You are free to go back," said she, slowly. "You have the sailing list. You know when the next vessel sails for America."

He did not speak for a moment.

What, lose this woman for whom he had sacrificed everything, wealth, honor, wife, daughter, country home? Leave her abroad to become the plaything of some foreigner? He dared not think of it.

He was as much in her meshes now, as when he robbed the bank and broke it. He was her abject slave despite the fact that he confessed his guilt and wished to look into the face of his child.

He put Lorraine's letter into his pocket and turned again to her.

"The driver is impatient," said she as if no hot words had passed between them. "Shall I order the coupe back to the shed?"

"No."

He began to get ready for the ride. She went to the window and looked down into the street, her face aflame with triumph and her eyes scintillating like diamonds.

The primrose way was still hers and flowers bloomed along it. If she could have read the tablets of the future she might have blanched and turned back. But no. The smiling god of sin was beckoning on and on and in the shadow of retributation she stood by that window while gay Paris rolled beneath her.

Pentland's voice called her back to the present.

He was immaculately dressed and smiled as she came forward.

They were in the hall when he halted.

"One moment. I forgot something," he cried and bounded back into the room.

He opened a drawer in the table and took therefrom a small revolver which he hastily concealed upon his person, then he picked up a little box which he also put away in a pocket.

Then he rejoined the woman.

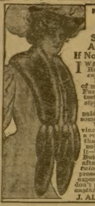
They went below and entered the coupe. As it moved off, a man standing near by touched another on the shoulder and smiled.

"Those are the people," he said in a low voice. "That is the absconding banker from America and the serpent that lured him. It is all sunshine now, but the wages of sin is death."

"You are right, Antoine," was the reply. "They will eat the bitter almonds by and by."

In a few minutes the coupe was out of sight and the two men, detectives, separated, but not until they had formulated a plan to take a few flowers out of the primrose path Saul Pentland was treading.

This powerful story of a bank looter and the vengeance of his victims will be continued in the next week's Ledger. The interest of this narrative, founded on a recent terrible crime committed in Chicago, does not lag until the last line is reached. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the next year. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over. Our splendid patterns will be sent to you without cost. See announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.



This Fur for a Postal Card

Simply Send Me Your Name and Address and I'll Send It to You ALL CHARGES PREPAID—Then, If You Like the Fur—Buy It. If Not, Return It. I Take ALL THE RISK.—*J. Alvin Todd, President.*

I WANT you to let me send you this Handsome Fur (made in 1906 style) *entirely at my risk.*

I don't want you to send me a cent of money—I simply want you to *see* my Fur with *your own eyes*, to *feel* of it, test the *quality*, and to notice how *stylish* and *well made* it is.

Then compare the price with that paid by some friend or neighbor for something *decidedly inferior.*

When you have thoroughly convinced yourself that my Fur would be a *rare bargain* for anyone at $4.00 and that the best dressed woman in your neighborhood would be *proud* to wear it—Then pay $1.95 and the Fur is yours.

But if you are not fully convinced after seeing the Fur that it is worth *twice* what I ask, simply tell your expressman to return it to us at our expense. Don't pay *him* anything—and don't pay us anything, for you *won't owe anything*. I can make this kind of an offer because my bargains are REAL BARGAINS—not "make believe." And because they ARE real bargains, I am safe in saying—pay only if you are pleased and not otherwise. You see, MY way *you* don't risk *anything* and I risk *everything*.

There is no "catch" about this—it's a straight bargain for those who appreciate BIG VALUE.

To take advantage of it, simply write for Brown Coney Scarf No. 8, and give name and address—that's all. This Extra Large, Full and Fluffy Brown Coney Scarf at $1.95 is about 68 inches long, including the tails. The Fur is the same on both sides, ornamented on the ends with two large and four small tails. The Scarf is made of fur taken in the proper season. The fur is full and thick. Will not crock or drop out. Especially imported by us and made up under our own watchful care. Color is a rich Sable Brown.

STYLE BOOK Absolutely Free. This shows the correct styles for Fall and Winter in everything worn by women and children—coats, suits, millinery, underwear, corsets, hosiery, shoes, furs, etc. Also gives full particulars of our Co-operative Profit Sharing Plan whereby you can secure many useful and valuable articles for the home absolutely free of cost. Address personally,

J. ALVIN TODD, Pres't TODD, SMITH & CO., 236-240 Monroe St., CHICAGO.

Spider Lifts Snake.

Doctor Phin describes, among other strange things, how a spider contrived to lift from the ground a snake that was, of course, many times heavier than itself. The story is of interest chiefly for the scientific explanation which is given of the way in which the thing was done.

Some years ago, in a small village in New York state, a spider entangled a milk snake in her threads and actually raised it some distance from the ground, in spit of the struggles of the reptile, which was alive.

By what process of engineering did the comparatively small and feeble insect succeed in lifting the snake by mechanical means? The solution is easy enough if one only gives the question a little thought.

The spider is furnished with one of the most efficient mechanical implements known to engineers, namely, a strong elastic thread. There are few substances that will support a greater strain than the silk of the spider. Careful experiment has shown that for equal sizes the strength of these fibres exceeds that of common iron; but, notwithstanding its strength, the spider's thread would be useless as a mechanical power if it were not for its elasticity.

The spider has no blocks or pulleys and therefore cannot cause the thread to divide up and run in different directions, but the elasticity of the thread more than makes up for this and renders possible the lifting of an animal much heavier than a snake.

Let us suppose that a child can lift a six-pound weight one foot high, and can do it 20 times a minute. Furnish him with 350 rubber bands, each capable of pulling six pounds through one foot when stretched. Let these bands be attached to a wooden platform on which stand a pair of horses weighing 2100 pounds, or rather more than a ton.

If, now, the child will go to work and stretch these rubber bands singly, hooking each one up as it is stretched, in less than 20 minutes he will have raised the pair of horses one foot.

The elasticity of the rubber bands enables the child to divide the weight of the horses into 350 pieces of six pounds each, and at the rate of a little less than one every three seconds he lifts all these several pieces one foot, so that the child easily lifts this enormous weight.

Each spider's thread acts like one of the elastic rubber bands. The spider would have to connect the snake with the point from which it was suspended by a sufficient number of threads. By pulling successively on each thread and shortening it a little the snake might be raised to any height within the capacity of the building in which the work was done.

A Tragic Confession.

"I have a confession to make."

Young Tompkins and his wife had just returned from their honeymoon. As they sat in their beautiful home, Tompkins in a comfortable arm-chair, with a good cigar, was expressing by every gesture his perfect satisfaction with things in general.

Mrs. Tompkins, as she spoke, came over and took her husband's hand in hers. "You won't mind, will you," she continued, "if I tell you something I think you ought to know? The fact is, I am not what I seem."

Tompkins started.

"Not what I think you are?" he repeated. "Impossible! As if I didn't know that you are the dearest and sweetest woman in all the world."

Tompkins half closed his eyes and watched the curling smoke.

"Do you know, my dear," he said, "the best thing about you is your domesticity? You are just a simple, sweet little woman, who doesn't know it at all."

Mrs. Tompkins timidly held his hand.

"That is what my confession is about," she said. "In our long courtship I have carefully avoided any of those subjects that might have been calculated to excite your suspicion. But now I might as well tell you that I am really an educated woman. I can speak three languages, am saturated with German opera, and have made a thorough study of socialism, transcendentalism, the higher philosophy, education and biology."

The stricken man beside her buried his face in his hands.

"O, why," he cried "did you not tell me this before?"

And his trembling wife said:

"Alas! I didn't dare! I knew that if I did you would never marry me."

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B. 3. Lebanon, Ohio.

BOOKS, JEWELRY, NOVELTIES
A good line of each. Large catalogues, 2c. Address GEM NOVELTY CO., PALMYRA, PA., Box C.

X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE Latest pocket curiosity out. Everybody wants it. Tells time on watch through cloth; apparently see your fellow, best girl, or any object through clothing, wood or stone any distance; all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 35 cents, stamps or silver. Address THE B. EVOLIA CO., Phila., Pa.

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Complete Set of COLORED PICTURES

BOYS and GIRLS! Send No Money. Just your name and address, and we will send you 20 of our fast selling jewelry novelties to sell at 10c each. Everybody buys them. When sold send us the $2 and we will send you this Big Magic Lantern and colored slides, including moving pictures, at once; also colored posters and tickets so that you can make money by giving shows and charging admission. This is one of the best lanterns ever given as a premium. Don't delay. Write now—today. It costs you nothing to try. DAVIS BROS. Dept. 380. 6109 May St., CHICAGO.

Free! Free!
To the Sick and Ailing Everywhere

THE CURE FOR YOUR DISEASE
Delivered Free—Free for the Asking—Free to You.

To the sick—the suffering—to every man and woman victim of organic disease—local trouble or broken general health—Dr. Kidd's offer of free treatment is given in the absolute faith and sincere belief that they can and will stop disease, cure it and lift you up again to health and vigor. There is no reason why you should not get well if you will only bring yourself to take the free test treatment of these wonderful remedies, no matter what your doubts may be.

I Want the Doubters

I want to give them the proof—the evidence and the glory of new life in their own bodies—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—all of it—to the very last cent—myself.

I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers, hearty and strong and big and well; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say. Rheumatism, kidney troubles, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrh, bronchitis, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, all female troubles, lumbago, skin diseases, scrofula, impure blood, general debility, organic vital ailments, etc., are cured to remain and continue cured.

No matter how you are, no matter what your disease, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

These Remedies Will Cure

They have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they do cure and there is no reason why they should not cure you—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!

Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only makes this offer but publishes it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to anyone except himself?

Send your name, your Post Office address and a description of your condition, and I will do my utmost to satisfy ever doubt you have or can have that these remedies will save your life and make it all that nature meant to make it.

Let me make you well. Give me your name and tell me how you feel, and the proof treatment is yours, at my cost. No bills of any kind—no papers—nothing but my absolute good will and good faith.

DR. JAMES W. KIDD,
Box 102 Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE—We know personally Dr. Kidd and know that his methods and his offer are exactly as represented in every respect. Our readers should take advantage of Dr. Kidd's generous offer.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger

FORTUNES FOR ALL WHO INVEST NOW

Greatest Electrical Discovery of the Age.

SAVES $9,711,655 A YEAR.

Unusual Opportunity Now Offered the Man of Small Means to Become Independently Rich.

Every great electrical invention has made fortunes for its original stockholders. The American Bell Telephone Company has paid $200,000 for each $100 invested in its stock at its organization. People then laughed at the idea of there ever being a general need for the telephone. It was hard to make investors see the possibilities of the business. Those who did are among the world's richest people.

Such chances are not often offered the small investor. To-day such opportunity in a great many ways that gives every person of ordinary means the telephone and universal service. Read the following Associated Press dispatch:

Some of the best-known electrical experts in America declare that Edison's wireless will prevent railroad collisions. That practically solves the problem of the safety telephone, make it possible for a train to be stopped by the train dispatcher at any point on his division, and permit the sending of private telegrams to any one of 100 or more telegraph offices without the knowledge of other operators and without in any way interfering with the regular telegraph circuit.

RAILROAD APPROVES SYSTEM.

No extra wires are required. The cost is so small and the advantages are so great that it is predicted by some of the best experts in America that all railroads will adopt the system. The telephone companies have offered to rent a month rental for the Signagraph, to be used on party telephone lines. The Signagraph is required for each telephone. Only 200,000 instruments will earn for the stockholders of the Electric Signagraph and Semaphore Company $200,000 a year.

There are 300,000 miles of railroad in the United States, less than 10 per cent of which is equipped with a signal service because of the inefficient systems heretofore used and their great cost. If only one-twentieth of this mileage—less than 5 per cent—were equipped with the Signagraph and Semaphore the stockholders would earn $600,000 a year—$5 per cent on the present selling price of the stock in addition to the revenue offered by the telephone company.

50,00 LIVES LOST.

More than $9,000,000 were lost last year in property destroyed in railroad collisions, and 5000 persons were killed or injured. This amount would cover the entire cost of the Signagraph and Semaphore system over every mile of railroad in the United States for two years and make the horrors of railroad collision unknown.

Experts admit the necessity for these instruments. For-sighted investors are putting their money into the company.

Every statement made herein will be verified in the letter. A limited amount of the treasury stock is now for sale. No one will be asked to invest a cent until he has thoroughly satisfied himself of the merits of the proposition. All who can are urged to come and see these instruments in operation. Those who can not and want to know the full details of the company, its organization, its patents, and what experts say of it, should write at once for full particulars.

Stock is now rapidly selling at 45 cents a share, par value $1.00, fully paid, and nonassessable. The price will soon be advanced to 50 cents a share. The right is reserved to advance the price without notice. One month ago this stock was sold at 25 cents a share. The merit of the proposition explains the advance. Those who care to take this stock before the price advances may send their remittances with the distinct understanding that the entire remittance will be returned at any time within five days of the date of the order if they are not thoroughly satisfied with the proposition. To secure to insure saving stock at the present price remittance should be sent at once with the above understanding. Payments are accepted in cash or installments of one-fourth down and one-fourth the first of each month until paid for. No subscription of less than 100 shares will be accepted. A discount of 5 per cent will be allowed on all subscriptions accompanied by remittance in full.

Address all inquiries to or call in person on National Mortgage and Bond Company, 6213 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Status of the Safety Razor

It has been decided by a Washington tribunal that the safety razor is not a deadly weapon. The man who carries a safety razor is not put in the same category with the man with a gun, or a stiletto, or a pair of brass knuckles. He can take a safety razor to a picnic if he so desires, and in case of a squabble he will not be looked upon as a member of the specially dangerous class.

The truth about the safety razor is that it is only dangerous to the man who personally uses it.

One way to make people believe in you is to pretend to believe in them.

Keeneyes.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Frank Heaven you have agreed to see me at last!" cried Watson.

"My grandfather has compelled me to see you," she said coldly.

"Bless his heart!" said the young man fervently. "Can you not forgive me, Miss Nell?"

"Pray address me as Miss Atkins."

"Can you forgive me Miss Atkins?"

"It was your letter," said Nell, "that drove Jansen Moore to the city. Had you never written that, he would never have disgraced himself."

"But if I had not written it," said Watson, humbly, "you would never have learned him as he is; he would never have been tested."

"He need never have been tested!" cried Nell, hotly.

Watson said nothing.

"Twice," cried Nell, "have you ever been tested? You have not! Perhaps in his circumstances you would have acted as he."

"You do not believe that Nell," said Watson, sternly.

"Please call call me Miss Nell," faltered the young lady, taken aback by his erect bearing.

"You do not believe that, Nell," he repeated. "Since infant youth I have been thrown entirely on my own resources. I lived in Chicago until I came here. I had no kindred to impose limitations upon my actions. I might have gone astray as Jansen Moore did, and would have been the wiser. And, had people known, what could it have been to them? I have led a lonely life, but it has always been an upright life. What I did was from love of you. It seemed the only way to win you. It was a chance and I took it. It was wrong. Jansen Moore has forgiven me. Will you forgive?"

"You would not do it again, then?"

Watson hesitated, then said, "Yes, to win your love, I would do it again!"

"Then you do not regret?"

"Nell, how can I regret it?"

"How can you ask me to forgive you, when you are not sorry for what you have done?"

"Can I be sorry for doing anything to win you, Nell?"

"And can I forgive you, since you are not sorry?"

"Yes, Nell, if you love me."

"If I—if—know dare say that!" cried Nell, her face flaming. She added quickly, "Then suppose I impose a condition on the letter imposed one on Jansen Moore. Suppose I order you to go away for six weeks and remain hidden from the world."

"I will go."

"You answer too promptly: it is too easy, I suppose. "I make six months!"

"I will go."

Nell grew pale and her lips thinned. "Very well; only I make it six years."

"I agree," said Watson resolutely.

"What! you are willing to hide yourself from the world for six years?"

"Perfectly willing. And you know when I say so, I mean it."

Then—" Nell's face grew as pale as marble. "All right: good-bye, then."

"I will start in the morning," said the young man, determinedly.

"But it seems very hard to make it six years," faltered Nell.

"It shall be as long as you wish," Watson replied firmly.

"Then —good-bye, then."

"But you have not ready to go in the morning?" he queried.

"I be ready? what do you mean?" she gasped.

Watson looked at her in surprise. "Of course, you are going with me," he turned.

"I going with you? what do you mean?"

"Now, do you think, darling that after

"Please call me Nell," gasped the young lady faintly.

But the next moment his arm was about her.

And that seems the proper moment for us to write.

The end.

Against His Principles.

Lady—Would you beet a carpet for a meal?

Tired Tomson—Gladly, leddy, 'ceptin' it's ag'in de rules ter do anyt'ing out'en our own line. I belongs ter de steam crane workers. Yer ain't got a steam crane about yer, have yer, mum?

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

The Neatness with Which They Are Prepared

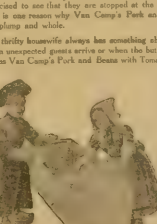
The most particular housewives approve of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Remember about the neatly packed floors of the Dutch housewives—famed for cleanliness? Everything is like that in the great Van Camp Packing Houses—spic and span.

First, all the beans, selected and Michigan grown, are picked over by hand and the poor ones thrown out. Then the good ones are washed three times, in fresh running water. Any broken or poor ones remaining will rise to the top and are carefully skimmed off, leaving only the whole, sound beans.

Just the way they are done in the most immaculate home kitchen—in every step of the process—that is characteristic of the Van Camp way. Even in the parboiling, care is exercised to see that they are stopped at the right moment, before the skins pop open—that is one reason why Van Camp's Pork and Beans are never "mushy" but always full cut plump and whole.

The thrifty housewife always has something she can serve quickly in case of emergency, when unexpected guests arrive or when the butcher is late. Nothing so completely fills the bill as Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.



Beans cooked the Van Camp way require great care and much time, but the modern housewife is saved all this. Van Camp's are always ready, wholesome, nourishing, piquant. Their fine flavor is due to the quality of the materials used and the Van Camp way of combining—the result of experience.

They may be prepared in a hundred appetizing ways and are ready to serve in ten minutes. Merely set the can into a kettle of boiling water, turning it over when partly heated, then open.

When served hot, garnish with parsley. The refreshing green is an appetizing touch. Van Camp's are original. Keep a good supply in the house.

The Van Camp Packing Company

Indianapolis, Indiana

An Iron Kettle.

"Sure I've no patience wid the likes of her," said Mrs. Gallagher, rolling her brawny arms in her apron and tossing her head. "She may be a good neighbor, so she may, but I'd as lief neighbor wid the Chink washer, an' that's sayin' strong words, I'lite! Bless ye, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth no more'n in my ice box, but to mortial man she's impidence, fearce, forgive me!

"I went knockin' to her dure on Thursd'y mornin' to get her to lind me the loan of a kittle to bile up a couple of cabbage and cabbage for me man's dinner an' when she opened the dure an' seen who it was, O, but she was the pleased woman entirely! It was 'An' is it you, Mrs. Gallagher,' and 'Sure, the sight of you is good for sore eyes,' an' 'Come right in an' set down,' an' it's grand ye're lookin' this mornin', ma'm.

"I'll not stay,' I says, 'thankin' ye kindly, but if ye'll be so obligin'ful as to lind me the loan of your iron kittle I'll be obliged to you, ma'am,' I says. 'Me own has sprug a leak, bad ness to it, just as I got the victuals ready to put in it. I hate to be a throuble to ye,' I says.

"An' wid that her ould diddle face got longer than a fiddle an' she cracked a smile acrost it an' she says, 'Sure, it's proud I'd be to lind ye the kittle, but me bile it wuldn't but be enough to hould what I'd want to put into it. It ain't much of a kittle,' she says, 'but it's the matter of that 'tis a good one, barrin' 'tis wore thin wid the scourin' of it, an' particular convanient on account of it bein' so-long in the family,' she says, 'an' remember had that kittle,' she says, 'an' she set a sight a' stove by it an' she wuddent have lint it to laynes but for that, if she'd come acrost skin for it on her bended knees an' promised to bring it back as good as ever the next day; which is say promised, but ain't done so often.

"I was as free as most wimmen is wid their belongin's,' she says. 'But 'twas only last week that Mr. Galvinsky come around here an' borried a flatiron. She's one of your betters, too, I'm shure,' she says, 'an' sight of that flatiron ever since, an' it's like I niver will, not to speak of the chances of it comin' back roundy or scratched. Shure the life is bothered out o' me with people borryin'. Not that you ain't free an' welcome to take th' little iron kittle. I was a-thinkin' o' biltin' some myself, in it myself,' she says, 'but I guess the spinach 'll keep, an' if it don't 'twill be no great loss, though I be hard to get good spinach greens this time o' the year. Do ye think 'twill be large enough, Mrs. Gallagher, ma'am?

"'I do not, ma'am,' I says. "'Tis my opinion it's some sarse too small an' I don't know how large it is at that. But things has to be in kapin, ma'am, I says, 'an' if it ain't no bigger than a thimble 'twill hould all the discency iver your family had an room to spare, an' good mornin' to ye. Thank the Lord I ain't polite meself, but I speak me mind plain.'"

If a man's credit isn't good he can easily cut down his expenses.

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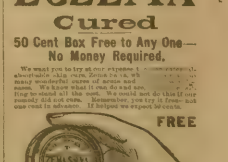

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father died before I can remember. Grandpa Newland lived with us a long time. He was an army contractor, and made heaps of money."

Mark's eyes glistened as he listened. Here was a revelation. And to think he had never known that the Newlands were his own kith and kin. It was like a story book. He urged his sister to tell all about Grandpa Newland.

"You ought to have told me before," he said reluctantly.

"I suppose I might have, but it could do no good. All the fortune our grandfather had was dissipated, leaving us poor. That gave me a fit of the blues, and I did not care to talk about it."

"But you will talk now, May?"

"Yes, I will talk now, for Grandpa lived with us for a time after the war. He had mining estates and had a partner, who after his death, got hold of everything, turning the old man's relatives out to beg or starve. I can never forgive the man who did this."

"Well, I should say not. Who is he, Marian?"

"His name is Norton Loveland, spuriously 'Major' Loveland."

"What, and did he——"

"He got hold of all the property, Mark. I am sure there was something underhanded about it all, but what could I do, being a woman? Loveland had been in partnership with our grandfather; he was appointed administrator on the death of his partner. Somehow, he manipulated things so as to make it appear that he, Loveland, was the real owner of all the property. He has since that day scarcely deigned to notice the grandchildren of the man he robbed. I say robbed, for I know grandpa was rich when he died. But for the villainy of Major Loveland you might be on an equal footing with

"I warned you!" he breathed.

Miss Evelyn and the rest of them at The Towers. I have never liked that man since he used us so mean."

Mark listened with a burning heart. Much that had seemed strange to him was now accounted for. No wonder the manufacturer had pretended to wish to befriend him. He was glad now that he had refused the man's proffer of money. Mark was too proud to accept pay for duty well done.

"Say!" suddenly exclaimed the boy, "What did William D. Buckland have to do with the Newland estate?"

"He was a celebrated attorney of Chicago who managed Loveland's case for him," said Marian.

"But he didn't help that man rob us, Marian," cried Mark with flashing eyes. "He wouldn't do that you know."

"I am afraid that he did, Mark," sighed the young woman.

"Where is this lawyer now?"

"He died some years ago, out West. He was with Loveland out there looking at some of the Newland mining property, and he suddenly sickened and died."

"Too bad," said Mark.

"I am not so sure of that. He was Loveland's adviser, and was as bad as his employer."

FORTUNES

Are nearly always acquired through judicious investments. If you are interested in knowing the enormous possibilities of intelligent investment, if you want to know how small sums often grow into fortunes, if you want to know something of the real earning power of money, if you want to keep posted on good investments, if you want to know how, when and where to make money, send us your address on a postal card today and we will send you our magazine free for three months. You cannot afford to be without it. It may put you in possession of information which will be of incalculable value to you.

The Commercial Review 828 Fullerton Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Mark walked away by himself after that, quite worked up at what he had heard. The depth of Major Loveland's villainy was something that angered the soldier's son, and worked on his feelings.

There was Eustace and Evelyn basking in the sunshine of much money, money that by right belonged to his sister and himself. Mark's thoughts were untranslatable. His heart burned to right the wrongs of the past.

Frenk Ark seemed to have some connection with the past in the life of the manufacturer. Mark fondled the cuffbutton in his pocket, and wondered if that clew might yet lead to something. The boy was in a mood for anything. He would go up to The Towers and denounce the robber of his grandfather to his head.

His musing was broken in upon by the rattle of wheels. A light basket phaeton was sweeping down toward him. A boy's girls sat on the seat. It was Evelyn. The color of her face and the hot blood to the cheeks of Mark.

The boy would have avoided her, but she came directly toward him and called him by name. Whipping up her pony she soon reined alongside.

"Get up here with me, please."

The girl made room for him at her side. The smiling eyes and sunny face of Evelyn were too much for the boy. His anger melted like frost before the rising sun.

Before he was aware of it he was riding at her side.

"I acted awful mean that time up at the drive," said she. "I did it to save myself from a beating. Papa is very harsh sometimes."

"And does he beat you?" asked the astonished Mark.

"He had done it. Eustace tells such lies on me."

"I'll wring his neck!"

Mark's chivalry was up in arms. He drew his hand from his pocket and held up the cuff-button. He was nervous and puzzled. The girl saw the button and uttered a little cry.

"Where did you get that?" she asked, taking it in her hand.

"Oh, I found it," said Mark.

"Well, did you ever? It's just like the one papa lost."

"Is that so?" Mark winced a little. Revelations were coming.

"Yes. He lost it a week or so ago. He has mourned dreadfully. You see, the buttons were a present from an old friend."

"Yes," said the boy, "from William D. Buckland."

"How did you know, Mark?" asked the girl in surprise.

"Oh, I am no to a good many things."

"You see, this Mr. Buckland was papa's dear friend; he is dead, and that makes it so much more important."

"I see," said Mark. "I'll take home with you and see your father. He will be glad to get his button back——"

Indeed he will," broke in Evelyn. "He'll treat you well for once when he sees the lost button."

Mark smiled grimly as he rode toward The Towers for a final interview with the grim master of the factory.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SATCHEL GIVES UP ITS SECRETS.

A man was walking hastily away from the front door of The Towers as Evelyn's pony cart halted before the house. Mark alighted and assisted his pretty companion to the walk. Sam came and led the pony away.

Mark eyed the departing caller sharply. Despite his change in dress the boy recognized in the nattily attired man the late cook's helper of the Big Drive, Mr. Styles.

This handsome **Magic Lantern** complete with 100 Colored Pictures, together with a perfect working **Fountain Pen**, will be given away to any boy or girl for selling 22 packets of Bluine Bluing at only five cents each. It is worth its all. Write quick for the outfit. Don't wear you. Address

NICKEL MERCHANDISE CO.
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This perfectly working **Steam Engine** with Circular Saw attachment is a beauty. Nearly one foot tall, and is great to boys and girls. Together with a fine **practical Fountain Pen** for selling **thirty-two** useful articles of merchandise at only five cents each. It so worth its all. Boys and girls, write for the premium plan. Don't wear you. Address

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Complete with Brass Boiler, Lamp, Engine and Screw Propeller.

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16 Inches Tall.

SLEEPING **DOLL**

EASILY EARNED

This handsomely dressed **SLEEPING BEAUTY DOLL** is 16 INCHES TALL, and is given away for selling **Thirty-five** useful Silver Plated Bracelet as an additional premium, for selling thirty-five useful articles of merchandise at only five cents each ($1.75 worth in all). Girls, write at once for the articles. We trust you. Address

MERCHANDISE CO.,
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Bridgewater, Conn.

EXTENSION ROLLER SKATES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One pair skates is given to boys and girls, together with a fine practical **Fountain Pen**, for selling thirty-two useful articles of merchandise at only five cents each, $1.60 worth in all. Boys and girls, write for the articles at once. Address

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splendid and stirring story for boys and girls entitled "An Underground Chase, or The Bandits of Needle Peak," by Colonel W. R. Andrews, of New York. We advise you not to miss this story; it is a real, live one. In this story you will find a rattling fine boy hero, and a daring "cowgirl" who can ride a horse with the best of them and is a crack shot with pistol and rifle. It is full of thrilling and unusual action and will keep you guessing. Don't let it get by you. Any six of our fine patterns free with each subscription. Notice the announcement on page fifteen.

The end.

Resemblance.

Innkeeper—That minstrel troupe that you represent will have to pay in advance. The last time they were here we called them "The Mosquitoes."

Advance Agent—Why so?

Innkeeper—Because they always try to

Reminded Him of the "Limited."

Representative Smith of Maryland in the subject of a good story these days. When he hears it he merely smiles and looks wise. Mr. Smith, the little narrative says, was standing in front of the White House talking to secret service men, when a boy came dashing out of the executive mansion.

"Who's that?" queried the Congressman.

"That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed.

A moment later another youngster appeared through the same door and Mr. Smith repeated his question.

"That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates.

"I guess that's another one of the Roosevelts suggested the man from Maryland.

"Yes," was the answer, "that's Quentin."

"By gum," commented Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the platform at home watching the limited express shoot by."—Kansas City Independent.

Boys' Hair

A boy's hair grows one-half slower than a girl's. In boys the average rate of growth is 3 feet 3 inches in six years. During his twenty-first and twenty-fourth years a man's hair grows quicker than at any other period.

The human hair forms a profitable crop. Five tons are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisian harvest is upward of 200,000 pounds, equal in value to $400,000 a year.

Didn't Look That Way

"Archie is fairly going crazy over his new automobile."

"That's strange. Every time I've seen him he has been going crazy under it."

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REMEMBER to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do so as here stated we will not know what to send you.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

"I FORGOT" LAND.

Little Trit-trot was a poor little slave
In the land of "I forgot."
Did little Trit-it-ty Trot,
Who lived with his mamma just over the way,

In the land of "I forgot."
It was "where is my hat and where is my cap
And where is my brand-new ball.
And where is my bat and my catching glove?
I can not find them at all."
And he hunted and looked upstairs and down

In kitchen, chamber and hall.
The hat was found in the top of a tree,
By the side of a tattered kite.
The cap was left in old Shackle's nest,
When he gathered the eggs at night.
The hat was wet and the cap was torn,
And both were a sorry sight.
The ball and the bat and the catching glove
Were down in the pasture lot.
And the slate and sponge and strap and books

Had hidden under the cot.
For this is the way things lose themselves
In the land of "I forgot."

The Violin Lesson.

"I can't do this horrid old lesson today," cried Freddie, crossly, coming out of the bay window and throwing down his bow. "Every time I get to that top note it screeches. Mamma, please can't I stop?"

Mamma looked out the bay window. There, just as she supposed, were three of Freddie's friends playing hop-scotch on the common.

"I heard a little boy promise his music teacher on his word of honor that he would practice one hour every day. Just as you please, thuum, Freddie. You may stop and go out to play if you want to."

Freddie ran and skipped for his hat and coat, and when he came back into the sitting room there stood mamma with a very cold look in her eyes, drawing the bow slowly across the strings.

"Why, what are you doing, mamma?" cried Freddie, in astonishment.

"Keeping somebody's broken promise for him," replied mamma, toe-awing busily.

"O," said Freddie. The hat and jacket came off again.

"You needn't do that, thank you, mamma," he retorted, taking the violin and tucking it under his chin.

Mamma laughed.

"I am glad I need not," she said, "for between you and me, Freddie, I am afraid I screeched very badly for mamma."

"It is going to behave now," twinkled Freddie.

Select Your Tree.

You have read the warning a hundred times over not to seek the shelter of a tree during a thunderstorm, but if you have heeded it and stood out in the open and got wet, now is your time to object to the warning.

Statistics have been gathered by an official connected with the State Government of Wisconsin to prove that lightning has struck more people in the open than under trees. It has struck four houses and five barns where it has struck one tree. In one year in the United States sixty-four persons were killed in churches to fourteen under trees.

The locust tree has been supposed to attract lightning more than any other. It is now known by statistics that no particular variety of tree enjoys that distinction. A small tree is as apt to be struck as a tall one. A bush is as apt to be struck as a tree. There is nothing about a farmer's barn to attract lightning any more than about his barn.

A steamboat in motion is as safe from lightning as a canoe tied to a snake. A man sitting beside an open window is as safe as one lying on a bed. Lightning will not strike on a hill any quicker than down in a valley. There is no rule to go by in designing toe danger. You simply have to take your chances and you are in more danger of swallowing a fish bone than you are of being struck by lightning.

THAT DREAD FUL FEELING
P.F.
"The only Time I ever want to be in Bed I find- Is when I'm half way up the stairs And don't know what's behind!"

Colors.

This is a game played by German children in New York. A row of children sit, or stand, on the doorsteps or against a wall. Opposite each other stand two girls, representing, one the good, the other the bad angel. Every child chooses a color. The "mothers" stands in front of the children. The "good angel" knocks and is answered by the mother:

"Who's knocking at the door?"

"The Angel with the Golden Star."

"What do you want?"

"Blue" (or any color).

The "good angel" names a color. If it is one represented, the angel takes the child, but if unnamed it must wait, while the "bad angel," or "the angel with the pitchfork," comes forward and makes a similar demand.

When all the children are divided, a "tug of war" ensues, as in "London Bridge."

Harry's Question.

Little Harry (at dinner)—Mamma, may I ask you a question?

Mamma—Certainly, dear. What is it?

Little Harry—Why do they eat soup first, and then fish? Is it so the fish can go in swimming?

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH!

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than all the other diseases put together—it leads on every year to thousands upon thousands of deaths.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of talking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself?"

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself! While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. **Worse still—you're allowing Catarrh to get down to your lungs.**

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption, Consumption that results from neglected Catarrh, and great numbers of people die every year just because they've neglected Catarrh!

"CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you really helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just how to cure Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. For twenty-one years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my vast knowledge and beneficial discoveries.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It is proffered in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Learn at once how Catarrh can be cured—thoroughly and successfully.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, and mail the coupon or same copy-cat, and it is not without delay. Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), 306 Trade Building, Boston. Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

your throat raw?
Do you sneeze at once?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you sorry to drag weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you lose your sense of smell?
If there is a hacking sensation in your throat?
Do you have a dropping in the back of the throat?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A PRESENT
LADIES 124 PIECE AND 26 PIECES OF DINNER SET SILVER WARE FOR YOU

Only Send Your Name and Address

You know the value of this beautiful complete full family size decorated 124 piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Set and a 26 piece set of Silverware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. It is fit to grace the table of a queen. The dishes are exquisitely decorated with a floral design as delicate in color as a natural flower; each piece outlined in gold and the knives, forks, spoons, etc., are made by the old reliable firm of Wm. Rogers & Son after a rich sterling silver design, guaranteed pure Rogers silver and warranted for a lifetime. Every lady knows what it would cost to buy a table service like this from her dealer, but every good housewife can become the owner of it by simply using our Teas, Coffees, Soaps (Laundry and Toilet), Starch, Baking Powders, Spices, Corn Starch, Gelatine, Rice and other household necessities in her own home and telling her friends about them. Our prices are the lowest for which pure goods can be sold, quality and honest weight. These beautiful dishes are made for us by one of the largest potteries in this country and are of superior quality, beautifully underglazed, and we pack and ship them free of charge. Write today and we will send you our price list, plans and catalogue showing any number of other valuable articles which we give with only a $5.00 order. You will be surprised and delighted to find that we give more valuable premiums than any other house in existence. We don't ask a cent until you are satisfied. We want only an opportunity to prove to you our honest business methods—then we know you will be our lasting friend.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY DEPT, V, 345-347 S. Canal St., CHICAGO, ILL.

A FUNNY FIDDLER.

What a smart little fellow a cricket must be!
For the way they tell us is true,
When he seems to be singing he's fiddling instead,
Which must be much harder to do.

But then if a cricket should happen to feel
Like dancing, how fine it would be!
For with two of his legs he could fiddle the tune
And dance with the others, you see!
—St. Nicholas.

The "Alms Cow"

A curious custom still holds good in the village of Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire, England, whereby on the morning or evening of the year a person can claim a free drink of new milk from a cow specially kept for the benefit of thirsty wayfarers. This animal is known locally as the "alms cow," and when she dies another has to be provided by the parish.

A New Organ.

Bobby had early shown a great interest in anatomy, and always drank in information about the various parts of the body most eagerly, relates Harper's Weekly. One day he came to his mother in great perplexity and said: "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

Lydia's Question.

Not long ago Lydia had a birthday, and discovered that she is the youngest of her class at school.

"How does it come?" she asked her grandmother that evening, "that all the other little girls of my age are 9 or 10 and I'm only 8?"

The Pleasant Cow.

Listen Children, I'll tell you how
You'll always be able to know a cow,
First of all its gentle and wise
And then, just look at its
"Hooks and Eyes"